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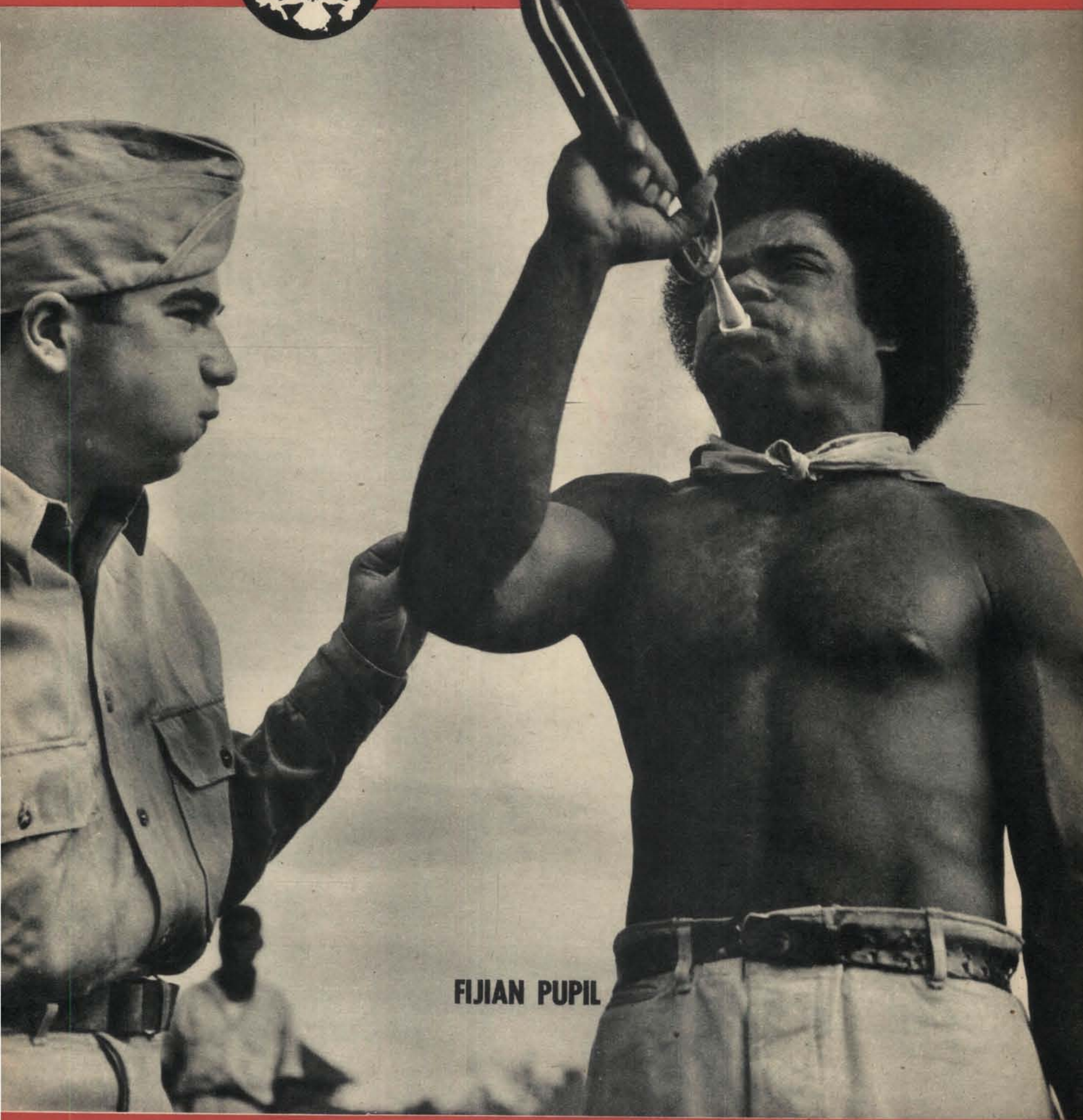
By the men . . for the men in the service



FIJIAN PUPIL

Sweating It Out With an Infantry Battalion in Italy

FRONT-LINE STORY ON PAGE 3

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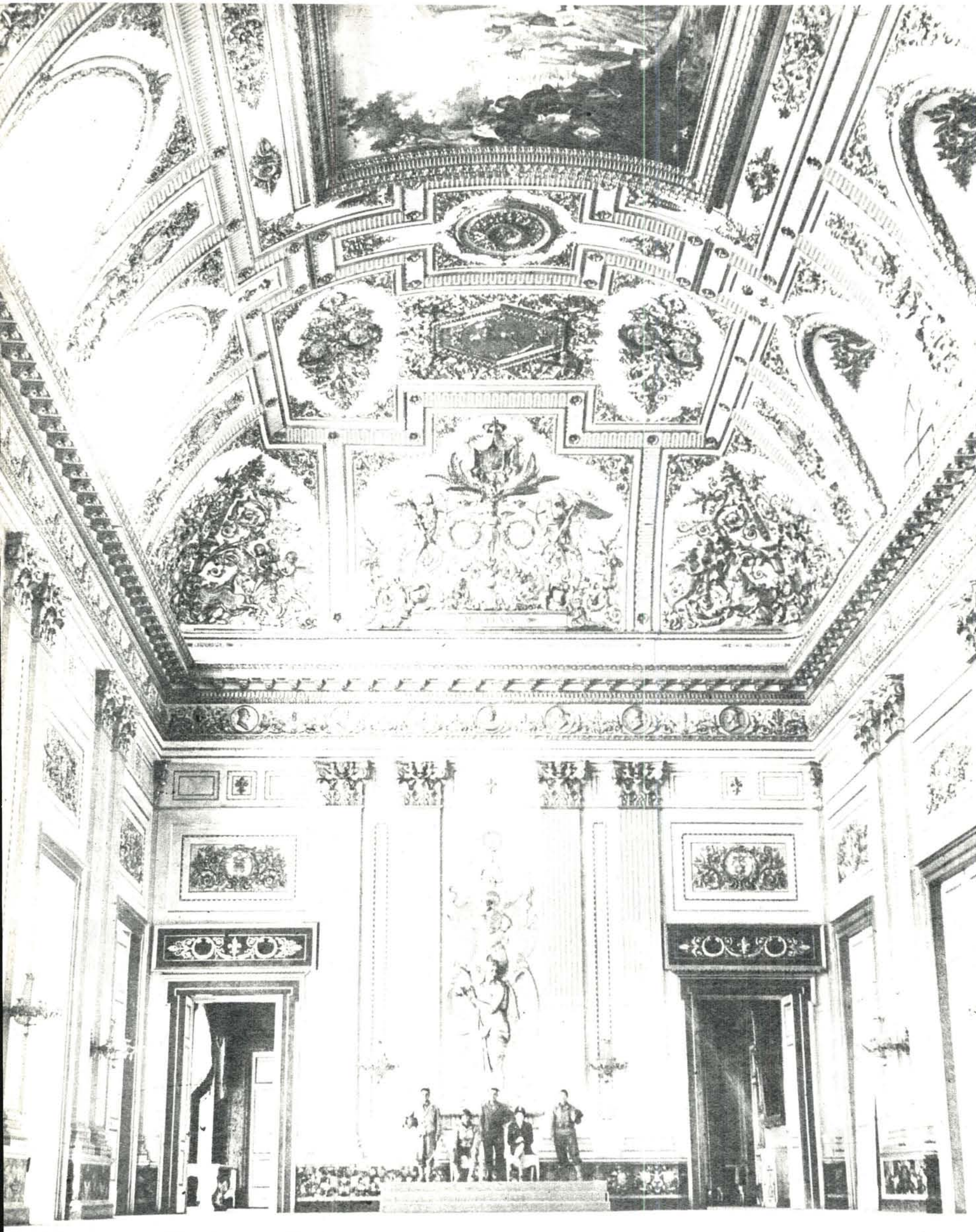

Sightseers in Italy: Four soldiers and a nurse of the American Fifth Army pose on the dais of the throne room in one of the royal palaces at Naples.

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Infantrymen's banquet in Italy: the four diners (left to right) are Pfc. Stanley Machinski, Pvt. Harvey Craig, Pvt. Alvin Kennedy and Cpl. Gerald Gould.

Infantry Battalion Sweats It Out in Italy

By Sgt. **WALTER BERNSTEIN**
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—It is strange the way some people still think of war as all shooting and Commando raids, when as a matter of fact it is nine-tenths ordinary grind with no excitement and a great deal of unpleasantness. Sometimes there is excitement, but it is mostly the loose-boweled kind that you would just as soon be without. Sometimes, of course, there is more than excitement; there is the good feeling that comes from being with men you trust and doing a job you believe in.

But most of the time, for the men who are really up there, the war is a tough and dirty life, without immediate compensation. It is cold nights and no sleep, the beard matted on your face and the sores coming out on your feet, the clothes stiffening and the dirt caking on your body. It is digging and crawling and sweating out the 88s, inching forward over rocks and through rivers to mountains that no one in his right mind would ever want. It is doing the same filthy job day after day with a kind of purposeless insanity; and dreaming all the time of warm beds with clean sheets and a steak the size of your arm; and pushing, always pushing. Maybe to some people it also means being able to eat again and live without fear, but to the American infantryman in this campaign it is primarily one large lump of Sugar Howl Item Tear.

At least that's the way it was with one battalion of Infantry when it pushed ahead of the rest of the Fifth Army and then had to wait until everyone else arrived. Maybe if this were a Hollywood war the battalion would have wheeled to the flank and cut off the Germans from their main route of escape. It had the position, all right. It was on top of a mountain almost overlooking the main road that the Jerries were using.

Other American elements were fighting for a town some four miles to the flank and five miles behind the battalion. All it had to do was march the four miles across to this road, cut it, and there would have been a good solid minor victory. All the battalion needed to do this was a supply line, communications, artillery, reinforcements and guts. All the battalion had was the guts.

"It is crawling . . . inching forward to mountains no one in his right mind would ever want."

The battalion arrived on the mountain at night, the way it had been arriving at each of its objectives for the past week. The rest of the regiment was some six or seven miles behind. The battalion arrived about midnight, having climbed since dark, and the first thing it did was set up security. The CO figured that with enemy on three sides a little security might come in handy.

The second thing the battalion did was try to sleep. This wasn't so easy, and not because the men weren't tired enough. It was cold on the mountain. It was cold enough, as one of the men said, to freeze the ears off a brass monkey, and he didn't say ears. Most of the men had only one blanket; they had forded a river on their way up and their feet were freezing. So they wrapped themselves in the one blanket and searched for hollows where the wind wasn't so much like a knife. Some of them slept two together for warmth, and they got through the night that way.

The next morning the colonel moved the battalion CP into town. The town was just off the crest of the mountain: an old town with a castle and narrow cobblestoned streets. The colonel was invited into the mayor's house. There were already three families living there, but the dining room was free and so was the mayor's study, and there was a kitchen with running water and a fireplace. The colonel moved his staff and their blankets onto the floor of the study and the en-

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listed staff section took the floor of the dining room. The rest of the battalion stayed on the mountain.

That first morning they also discovered what a position they held. They heard the shell fire behind them where the Americans were still storming the other town and knew that if they could reach the road in force they could cut the retreat of several hundred Germans.

They also knew that in their present condition there was absolutely nothing they could do about it. They were out too far as it was, thrust forward in one of those positions that look so dramatic on a situation map and usually end with a hurried retreat. The colonel decided to sit tight and send out patrols. When you got right down to it there was nothing much else he could do.

The patrols went out and the battalion settled down to wait. It was warm in the mayor's house The colonel was out around the mountain somewhere, seeing what he could see, and the major was out trying to arrange a mule train to go down and get some rations. The rest of the section sat before the fire and listened to the mayor's family.

One of the staff section was a T-4 from New York who spoke Italian. His name was D'Crenzo and he had been a golf pro and artist in civilian life; now he was the battalion draftsman. The family thought D'Crenzo's dialect very funny and laughed whenever he spoke, but they brought out wine for him and even potatoes, which they baked in the fire.

The mayor's family all wore black because the mayor had been hanged by the Germans before they left. He had been hanged together with five other citizens of the town as reprisal for the killing of a German soldier by one of the townspeople. The soldier had been stealing the Italian's pigs and chickens, and finally the Italian had taken a gun and shot him. The Germans took the mayor and 10 other hostages, held them overnight in one of the buildings and hanged six of them the next morning in the town square. The corpses were kept hanging there for two weeks until the stink was so bad that they had to be cut down and buried. The Germans said the bodies hanging there would teach the Italians a lesson.

and, out of respect for the sergeant's honor, did not question him. The Germans were locked up and a guard placed outside their building while the Italians stood around and shouted curses.

That afternoon it started to rain. More patrols returned with news of the German retreat to the north. They reported to the colonel in the kitchen of the mayor's house, standing wet in the doorway, eyeing the fire. Then they returned to their positions on the mountain.

The rain made any sort of observation impossible, which did not displease the artillery liaison officer at all. He had no communication with his artillery anyway, but he had felt obliged to go out and observe as a matter of form. Now he didn't even have to do that.

He just sat with his sergeant in front of the fire and talked of the German soldier they had killed two days ago. They had gone out to observe the effects of their fire at close range and had strayed into an Italian house for a glass of wine. There they had been surprised by a German private, who stepped into the doorway with a machine pistol. He caught them both flat-footed; the only mistake he made was reaching for the grenade that was tied to the sergeant's jacket. When he reached to take the grenade the captain said "Now," knocked the machine pistol aside and hit the German with a left hook. The sergeant did the same thing, and they knocked the German through the door, pulled their 45s and didn't stop firing until they ran out of cartridges. They stood by and watched while the Italians from the house grabbed the German's boots off his feet and then slammed him over the head a couple of times with a fence post to make sure he was dead.

The captain now had the machine pistol slung over his shoulder. The only thing he regretted was that his shots had ruined a pair of Zeiss glasses the German had around his neck. The only thing the sergeant regretted was that now he had to clean the machine pistol as well as the captain's .45.

It rained all through that day and into the night, a cold driving rain that went through you and out the other side. Patrols came and went. The colonel sent one platoon five miles north to

the CP and began handling the sick cases. Many of the men were suffering from some sort of overexposure, but only those hot with fever reported to the station. The battalion sergeant major sweated over his status report, trying on paper to make the battalion come somewhere near battalion strength. "If the Jerries only knew what we had here," he kept saying. "If they only knew."

The patrols reported a slackening of the German retreat along the road, and the colonel realized that, if he ever had a theoretical opportunity of attacking, it was gone now. Toward evening a regimental wire crew arrived with communication and the colonel discovered that the Americans had finally taken the town to the battalion's flank. The colonel beat his head, thinking about what he could have done, and sent out more patrols.

THE men on the mountain squeezed the water out of their clothes and wondered why they didn't move. At this point they didn't care much what was in front of them or whom they had behind; there was nothing they wouldn't do to get the war over sooner and go home.

The regimental executive officer hiked up from the valley, wearing a trench coat, his feet wet. He was a tall, soft-spoken man and he told the colonel that Corps and even Army were very pleased with the job the battalion was doing: even if they didn't fire a shot, they were exerting pressure on the German flank, making their position untenable, forcing them to retreat. The colonel shook his head and agreed.

That evening the mayor's daughter turned in the name of a local Fascist, a man in town who had been head of the Blackshirt organization and also helped the Germans when they were here. The S-2 went to the man's house; he was out; the house was searched and the S-2 returned with the report that evidence of Fascist activity had been found, but there wasn't anything he could do about it. It would be a different story if the man were helping the Germans now, but being just a Fascist was in itself no crime. He told D'Crenzo to tell the girl to get in touch with the

When Pvt. Tom Pastorino (and the Fifth Army) took Olevano, where he was born, there was a fine reunion with kin and friends. Tom's in the middle, with Grandma.

The story was told to the Americans by the mayor's daughter, a black-haired girl named Ines. She told the story in French, so that her mother wouldn't understand. The mother had been away when the incident occurred and believed her husband had died of a heart attack. She sat there while the daughter told the story, smiling and nodding and not understanding a word.

LATER that morning one of the patrols returned with news that there were Germans evacuating north along the road. About two hours later shots were heard on the other side of the mountain and another patrol returned, marching a group of Germans before them. They were the remnants of a patrol the Americans had accidentally run into. Two other Jerries had been killed.

The Germans were taken into one of the other buildings where they talked with an American boy of German descent. All the Germans except their sergeant talked. They were all 20 years old, except one who was 19, and all had fought in Russia. They were very anxious about what was going to happen to them, but they all thought that Germany would win the war. They also thought the German Army was still advancing on the Russian front. The German sergeant was stubborn, though, and refused to talk. He was a real *Hitlerjugend* and declared passionately that a sergeant had his honor and had no right to talk. The assembled Americans admired his stand on the matter. They also said he was a real soldier,

a town believed occupied by the Germans. The platoon found the town empty but met a Jerry patrol coming in as they went out. There was a brief skirmish, with no casualties, and after a while both patrols withdrew gracefully.

Back at the CP the colonel and his staff sat before the fire, cursing the weather and the impotence of their situation. The mayor's family sat all around them, the old people mute in a corner, the children hovering on the fringe of the gathering, waiting for the candy and sugar from the C-ration cans. Also with the family this night was a cousin, an artillery officer recently escaped from German territory. He told with flourishes how badly the Germans treated the Italians and how he and his comrades had spiked their guns before they left. He was dressed now in army boots, sport jacket and knickers, and was on his way to Naples where he lived.

The next morning was still full of rain, but it cleared by noon and the colonel and the artillery captain went out to find an artillery OP. The mule train returned from the valley with boxes of ammunition and K ration, and the men even ate the biscuits and the dextrose tablets.

At exactly 1 o'clock in the afternoon someone wondered out loud why the Jerries hadn't shelled the town, and 15 minutes later they did. Only one shell fell in the town, however, and no one was hurt. The shelling lasted about 20 minutes, and the mayor's family huddled in the kitchen, badly frightened. Later that afternoon the battalion medics set up an aid station across the street from

civil authorities about the matter.

It rained again that night, and the patrols reported the town to the north was clear. During the night the regimental CP moved into town, taking the old castle, and one other battalion moved up to secure the first battalion's flank. The rain stopped in the morning, and the colonel had a conference with the regimental CO. There was a little shelling in the morning, but not much. It was answered immediately by the 75s, which had moved into the valley at night. The artillery captain directed their fire from the mountain top.

When the colonel returned from his conference he called a meeting of all his company commanders and told them to be ready to move out as soon as it got dark. They were moving to the high ground overlooking the town five miles to the north. Then the colonel dispatched a platoon to survey the route and act as guides.

In the afternoon, as the enlisted staff section sat before the fire, the mayor's daughter baked them a *pizza*, which they ate while it was still hot. The men on the mountain had been told they were moving again and some of them were trying to sleep, stretched out on wet shelter halves.

Just before dark the colonel assembled the battalion, keeping them under cover. The rain had stopped and the sun was suddenly out, sinking over the edge of a mountain. The air was cold and crisp, mixed with the heavy rain smell from the earth. As the men began their march they could see the mountains ahead of them, covered with snow.

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1. When the flak first hit it jarred S/Sgt. Benny Springer, 22-year-old ex-jockey from Denver, Colo., loose from his gun. He was hurt, and so was the plane. The flying shell fragments ripped into an engine and it quit cold. Then, while the formation of Fortresses fought its way through 60 German fighter interceptors, both engines on the right wing of Springer's ship went out. The pilot feathered the props and kept on. The Fort limped in over the target—at Hamburg—and salvoed its bombs.

2. But there wasn't the ghost of a chance of getting home. Springer, with the rest of the crew, bailed out down into the heart of Germany, where a strange experience awaited him. He landed 30 kilometers from Hamburg, almost in the arms of three German soldiers. His wounds needed attention but the Nazis herded him and seven other American prisoners into a boxcar for a two-hour ride to Lueneburg. There the eight of them, under armed guard, climbed out to transfer to another train.

American Flyer Finds Germany Bomb Happy

How do Nazi civilians feel about the devastating Allied aerial assault on the Reich? Here is one reply to that question from an Air Force prisoner of war recently released on an exchange. He told a story of mob violence, brickbats and phony coffee, which was thrown at him boiling hot.

3. "Then the fun began," said Springer. A large angry crowd gathered at the station and called them names, in pretty good English, and made threats. There was one fellow with a loudspeaker and he got the crowd heated up to boiling. His favorite expression was "American swine!" The German mob got madder. They threw rocks and scalding ersatz coffee at the prisoners, not caring particularly when it sloshed on the German guards. The civilians got uglier and the guards got scared.

4. Leading Springer and the others the guards sprinted through the blacked-out streets toward the police station, but ran into another mob trying to cut them off. Finally they made it and the Americans were loaded into trucks and driven to a Luftwaffe base where they were placed in solitary-confinement cells with wooden bunks and bars on the windows. After three months in prison Springer was lucky enough to be sent home on an exchange with 17 Americans and 4,322 other Allies.

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PT BOAT MISSION

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

ON A PT BOAT IN SOUTHWEST PACIFIC WATERS—Tiny red lights drifted past us in the water between our PT boat and the smoldering hulk of the enemy barge. "Those are dead Japs," said Harry Long MM2c of Stroud, Okla. "They probably jumped out to swim for shore but got it from our machine guns. The red lights on their life jackets are supposed to guide rescue boats."

It was almost dawn and we were nearing the end of an all-night mission that cost the enemy two large barges, one small supply landing craft and a large number of dead Japs. Riding with us on the mission was the "Old Man," Lt. Cmdr. John D. Bulkeley, who commanded the PTs at Bataan and brought Gen. MacArthur out of the Philippines on his way to Australia.

I had met Cmdr. Bulkeley that afternoon at a PT base, hidden away from Jap planes and submarines up one of the hundreds of rivers that wind among New Guinea's towering mountains. The base was alive with activity. Motor torpedo boats, their camouflaged outlines blending with overhanging jungle foliage, bobbed in the dispersal areas. Machinists' mates, stripped to the waist under the scorching sun, were gassing up the boats and tuning their powerful supermarine engines. Gunners cleaned their weapons and loaded more ammunition aboard.

In the midst of this activity stood a stocky, round-faced man in his early 30s, shirtless like the sailors with whom he was talking quietly. This was Cmdr. Bulkeley. In his jungle hut hung an officer's blouse bearing four rows of ribbons, including the Congressional Medal of Honor, but out here in the sun the only tip-off on his rank was the way the men addressed him.

A sailor approached Bulkeley with a wide grin. "Commander," he said, "I got hold of another tommy gun for our boat today."

"Fine, fella," the commander replied. "Get all the guns you can. But don't take 'em away from the jungle fighters. They need them more than we do."

Two soldiers edged over to Bulkeley and asked if it would be okay for them to go on the night's mission. "Sure," said the commander, "glad to have you. What can you shoot best—Browning or tommy gun?" The soldiers, stationed at a nearby bivouac area, were looking for the chance to knock off a few Japs.

A couple of sailors who work around the PT base also asked permission to go out on the mission, even though they would have to put in a full shift next day, either in the radio shack, kitchen, ordnance hut, torpedo tent or on construction.

"Wanta come along with us tonight?" the commander asked me. "Sure," I said.

Every PT bristles with machine guns, cannons and torpedoes, but extra firepower is always welcome. Only about half the men on each crew are needed to man the fixed weapons. The rest grab tommy guns, BARs, Garands, Springfields, pistols or grenades when the action starts.

Word had passed around that Cmdr. Bulkeley, who holds a staff job at the base, would be going along on the night's patrol, one of his regular weekly check-ups on the tactics and efficiency of the crews. Like Bulkeley, several of the skippers are Annapolis men. They are kiddingly called "trade-school graduates" by the other officers and sailors, most of them Naval Reserves who volunteered for PT training at the Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron Training Center in Melville, R. I.

The skippers selected for the night's mission were briefed, and then officers and crews filed in for early chow at 4 P.M. It was obvious that the PT base is a paradise compared with Army living standards in New Guinea. Our meal was served in a mess hall on metal plates instead of mess kits. The bread was fresh, baked that same day by a sailor at the base. The meat, butter, cold drinks and even cokes, the men told me, were stored in big refrigerators.

After chow we headed for the boats, passing screened wooden and thatch huts used for living quarters and offices. There wasn't a single typewriter around. "We leave red tape and paper work to the flagship down the coast," Bulkeley said. "This is a combat base."

As a vivid orange sunset painted the sky ahead, our two PTs roared out of the jungle hide-out's winding river and skimmed along the smooth waters of the Solomons Sea toward the scene of our night's patrol. Cmdr. Bulkeley took his favorite position in a movie director's canvas armchair atop the narrow deck. Binoculars and a pistol were slung over his khakis.

Puffing contentedly on a cigar, the commander explained the task assigned to the PTs. "We work hand in hand with the Fifth Air Force in blockading the coast against Jap reinforcements and shipping," he said. "The bombers patrol the waters in the daytime and we take over at night. In this way we're weakening Jap resistance in New Guinea so the Infantry and Artillery will have an easier job."

In less than a year, the PT fleet operating in this area has sunk more than 150 Jap vessels, without the loss of a single motor torpedo boat through enemy action and with casualties so few they can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

PTs have much in common with the bombers that share their vigil, Bulkeley said. A PT crew is just about the same size as a Liberator or Flying Fortress crew. Living and fighting in the close quarters of a PT have made the lives of the officers and men just as informal as those of a bomber crew. Like bombers, PTs have distinctive names and pictures on their cockpits—*Miss Malaria*, *Ball of Fire*, *Jolly Roger* and *Cock of the Walk*. And like Air Force men, the PT crews paint miniature Jap vessels on their cabins as a record of each victory.

JUST before dusk turned to darkness, we made out a blob of land ahead of us. It was Jap-held territory. The gunners tried a few practice bursts. Our skipper, Lt. (jg) Herbert P. Knight of Wichita, Kans., ordered the engineer to cut the motors to idling speed so we could move up as noiselessly as possible. For several hours we patrolled the coast line, following a plotted course, our binoculars searching the dark foggy night for Jap craft.

Then a light drizzle began and we donned rainsuits. A little later the rain was succeeded by a mist blanketing the glassy sea. Small groups of us took turns going below to the tiny galley for hot coffee and sandwiches.

I took a look around inside the boat and was surprised at the size of the cabins. An outside view of the PT had given an impression of smallness, but inside there were bunks with mattresses for each officer and man, lavatories, spacious lockers for clothes, a navigation room and even a guest room. Books, magazines and pin-up girls were scattered through the cabins.

At 4:30 A. M., when I was back up on deck, Louis Schaff QM3c of Pekin, Ill., shouted from his bow gun:

"Barge two points off the port bow."

The skipper, Lt. Knight, spun the wheel hard

Lt. Cmdr. John D. Bulkeley, back from a mission, at the PT's jungle hide-out.

Lt. (jg) Herbert P. Knight (left) of Wichita, Kans., PT skipper, takes over helm. Beside him is Joe Kocur QM2c of Sparrows Point, Md.

Harry Long MM2c of Stroud, Okla., works in the engine room of *Miss Malaria*, named after a local harpy.

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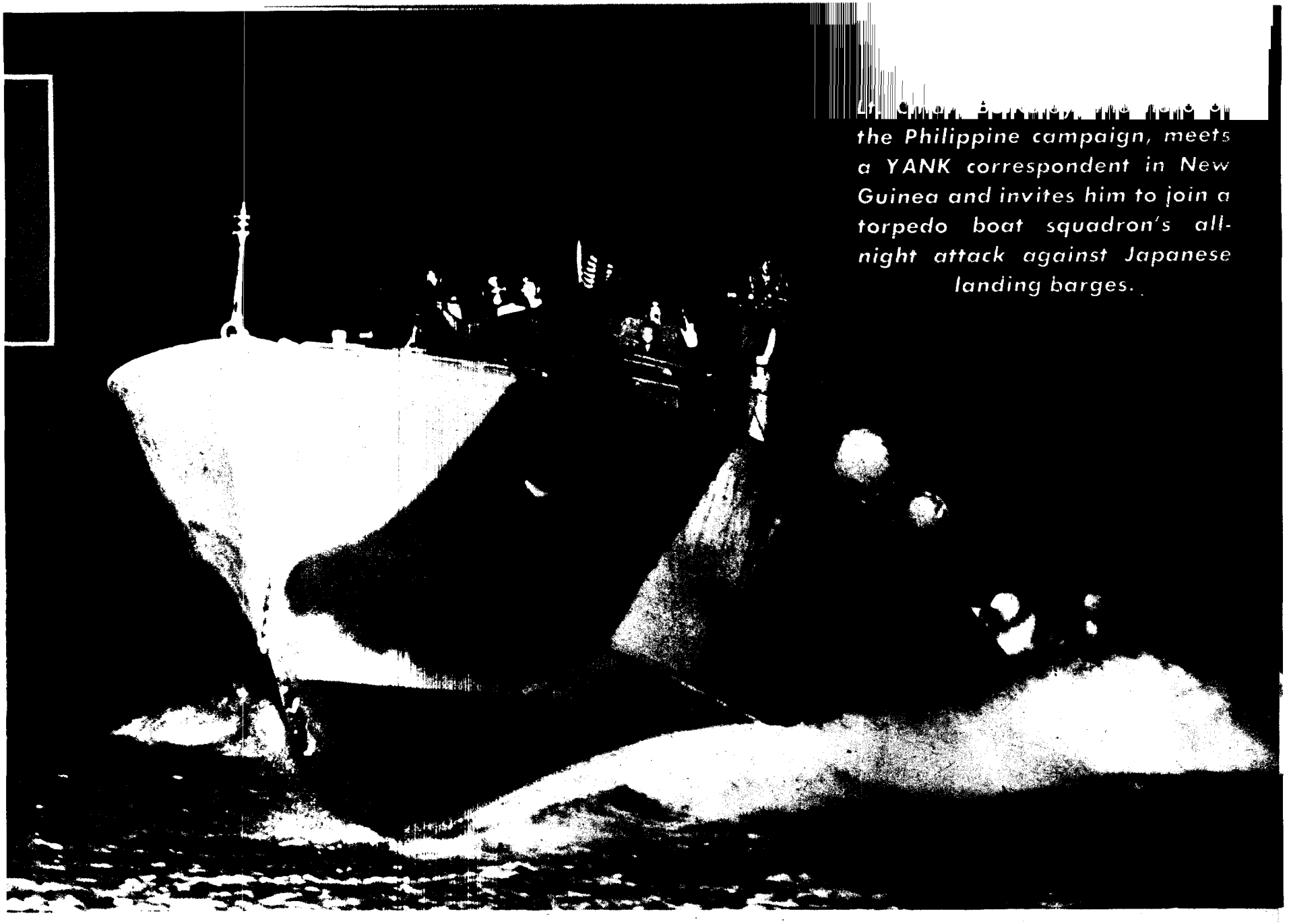

Lt. Comdr. Bulkeley, the hero of the Philippine campaign, meets a YANK correspondent in New Guinea and invites him to join a torpedo boat squadron's all-night attack against Japanese landing barges.

to port and opened the throttle. He yelled down through the open hatch to the radio room. Edward Masters RM3c of Brooklyn, N. Y., messaged the other PT to follow us into the attack. All hands clambered to the guns as Lt. (jg) John Dromey of Boston, Mass., second in command, barked orders. Several hundred feet ahead of us, the other PT spun around to follow us toward our target.

"It's a Jap all right," said Lt. Knight. Our engines leaped to life and we hurtled toward the dark shape on the water. "Okay, boys," the skipper yelled, "let 'em have it."

The misty black night blazed with the light of tracer bullets and our PT boat throbbed under the recoil as a bedlam of gunfire answered Lt. Knight's command. Tracers poured into the enemy vessel, a small supply landing craft. It seemed to fold up amidship in a pall of smoke, then suddenly sank with a gush.

"There's another one, a big baby, over to starboard," shrilled Raymond Connors S1c, a Jersey City (N. J.) youngster manning one of the machine guns. Lt. Knight spun the wheel again, and the PT boat left a phosphorescent wake of foam as we closed in on our second victim.

This time we couldn't count on the advantage of surprise; our attack on the first barge had betrayed our presence. But speed, maneuverability and firepower were in our favor. The Jap craft loomed up ahead—a 70-foot barge heavily loaded with men and supplies. Tree branches camouflaged the vessel; evidently it hugged the shore by day to avoid detection by our bombers.

The barge had swung from its southerly course and headed north at our approach. Now tracer bullets spewed forth. I remembered what John Burg MM1c of Decatur, Ill., had said: "One hit in the right place might blow our thin mahogany hull to smithereens. We can't afford to get hit anywhere." But the tracers passed harmlessly over our heads.

"Pour it on," ordered Lt. Knight, and every member of our crew let the barge have it except officers, radioman and engine-room man, who had their hands full already. Behind us, as we knifed past the Jap, the second PT sent its tracers into the barge's hull. But still it floated. We started circling to make another run.

Suddenly Eddie Ryscik SC3 of Port Chester, N.Y., the cook, piped up: "Damned if there isn't a third one dead ahead. And just as big." We veered to starboard and passed within yards of the barge. Two of our machine guns were jammed now, but the rest of the guns spouted white tracers of lead at the hull. This new vessel was the same kind as the last one, and apparently just as unsinkable. The other PT tagged along behind us and fired away, but as we turned, we saw that both Jap barges were still afloat and headed for the shore.

Then we noticed that they had stopped moving. Evidently their engines were hit. We made another run, followed by the other PT. This time there was no return fire from the first big barge, but the second one came to life and shot cannon and machine-gun bullets our way. We made two more runs, silencing the second barge but still not sinking either of them.

"These are gonna be tough," said the skipper. "Our bullets are glancing off the sides. The things must be armor-plated. Shoot lower this time. Hit 'em below the water line."

On this run we idled our engines and slid by both barges so close we could look into them. Just as we passed each of the barges we attacked again, then spurted ahead to get out of the way.

FINALLY, on the fifth run, our boat slowed down and idled past the second big barge, only a few feet from it. We tossed hand grenades and fired point-blank into its bottom. As we left, it seemed to break in two, nosed into the water and sank.

Now both PTs stood by and sailors boarded the battered and smoldering hulk of the Jap barge still afloat. Suddenly one of the sailors whipped up his .45 and fired. "One of the Japs was still alive," he yelled over to us. "He tried to grab a rifle."

Cmdr. Bulkeley, who had boarded the barge with the sailors, was tugging at a Jap gun. One of the crew members took out two of the bolts that fastened the gun to the deck, but still it wouldn't come loose.

Abruptly I realized that dawn had come. We could see into the barge quite clearly. Dead Japs with full packs were heaped in the stern. In the bow were large boxes of food and drums of gasline. The barge had armor-plated sides and Diesel engines. We counted four machine guns and a 20-mm cannon on the gunwales and bow.

A small fire in the bow crackled under the roof of fresh branches and edged toward the gasoline drums. This and the coming of daylight cut short the examination of the barge. Cmdr. Bulkeley abandoned his efforts to get the Jap gun loose and scrambled aboard the PT, dripping with sweat. The crew followed. "Make one more run and sink this one," the commander ordered. "Then let's beat it for home."

The other PT fired into the bottom of the barge and scurried out of the way. Listing and splintering, the Jap boat sank in a gurgle of water. After a last look around, the PTs opened up and made tracks for home at top speed.

"Those big barges were the toughest babies to sink I've ever seen," said Cmdr. Bulkeley. "We sank Jap freighters off Luzon (in the Philippines) faster than that."

We noticed uneasily that we were in full view of the Jap-held coast line only half a mile away. It was 5:45 A. M. now—no time to be prowling in Jap waters, because shore observation posts might send for planes. The gunners reloaded and scanned the skies.

Half an hour later we heard a shout overhead. Tom McHale F1c of Providence, R. I., had spotted a tiny speck in the sky from his stern-gun position. But the plane was 20,000 feet up and miles behind us, evidently on a routine dawn reconnaissance. It disappeared a few moments later in a cloud bank, and the gunners relaxed again.

Most of the crew went below when the PTs entered friendly waters. We drank warm coffee to shake off the morning chill, then stretched out on bunks for a little shut-eye. It was time for the Fifth Air Force to take over the day shift.

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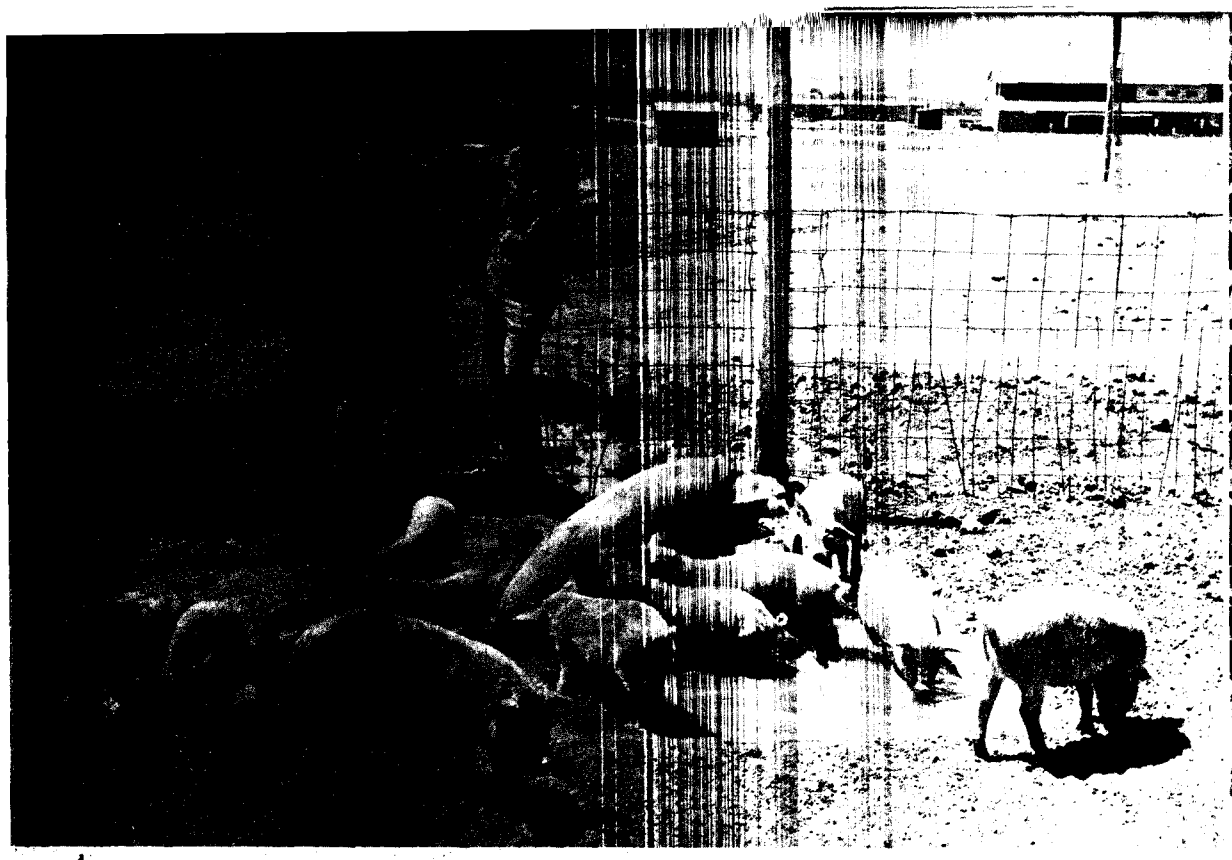

With mouths watering S/Sgt. John Haje and T-4 James Gilbert inspect crop at Army's Palestine piggery.

T-4 Gilbert and Sgt. Hursel Hanks pick figs.

Yanks in Palestine Find Farms and Cities Just Like the Ones They Left Back in the States

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN PALESTINE — When Hursel Hanks left Carthage, Ill., to join the Army, he thought his farming days were over for the duration. Hanks never dreamed that two years later he would be a GI farmer at a U. S. Army camp in the Holy Land.

But that's just what Sgt. Hanks is doing today at this Palestine base. He's the NCO in charge of a 250-acre fruit and vegetable farm that grows oranges, lemons, bananas, dates, figs and potatoes among its crops. The camp provides fresh farm products for U. S. soldiers at Middle East and Near East bases, as well as for its own personnel.

Actually, the 60,000 pounds of oranges and 65 tons of potatoes that the camp farm yielded last year are really just byproducts. The camp's primary military function is to serve as a workshop for Fourth Echelon repairs. GIs service Lend-Lease locomotives and heavy construction equipment on the Haifa-Tripoli Railroad, the Haifa-Bagdad Highway and the overland supply route from Iran to Russia.

But the 31-year-old post commander, Lt. Col. Alan B. Jacobs of Charleston, S. C., decided to capitalize on the uncultivated farm land included in the camp site. With Palestinian civilian farmers assisting Hanks, the camp's potato patches and citrus groves have been producing fresh food to supplement the camp's regular GI rations for the last several months.

This is one of the few camps among the hundreds of U. S. bases throughout the world where a Yank can look out of his tent and see fig and date trees laden with new fruit, just waiting to be picked. And there's generally a barrel of fresh oranges or a basket of ripe bananas at the other end of the chow line you're sweating out. All in all, it's convincing evidence that Moses wasn't far from wrong when he called this "The Promised Land."

Adjoining the regular Army base here is the summer rest camp for U. S. forces in the North African and Mediterranean theater. Here aerial gunners recuperating from flak wounds suffered over Italy come to get a tan on a Mediterranean beach reminiscent of Asbury Park, N. J.

Heavy artillery gun crews, veterans of the Sicily campaign, forget the sound and spirit of war for a brief six days as they wander through the holy places of nearby Jerusalem, following the Via Dolorosa to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher and the Holy Tomb itself.

Quartermaster truck drivers who hauled war supplies over thousands of miles of desert roadways for the North African push enjoy a little back-seat driving in the huge fleets of taxis and busses on the streets of modern, progressive Tel-Aviv, probably the most American-looking city in all the Middle and Near East.

All of them—the gunner, artilleryman and truck driver—feel more at home here than any place they've been since leaving the States. That's because of the rich, verdant farm lands, modern, bustling cities, pasteurized milk, boogie-woogie music, well-stocked bars and taprooms, and Fifth Avenue-dressed women. Col. Jacobs claims that no less than 48 GIs have told him "it's almost like my home state"—and each one was from a different state.

Probably the best recommendation for the rest-camp site was offered by a corporal in Headquarters Detachment, Station Complement. After 10 months' service in Palestine, the corporal put in for a furlough. His CO asked him where he wanted to spend it, expecting him to name Cairo, Beirut or some other tourist spot. Instead the corporal asked permission to furlough at the rest camp—less than 100 yards up the road from his own tent.

Everyone Was Out of Uniform Except the MPs at This Cuba Party

CAMAGUEY, CUBA—It was enough to make any conscientious MP's mouth water. Sailors dressed as soldiers. Army Air Force men gobbed out in Navy whites and blues. Several soldiers in civilian clothes, including Cpl. James Hayes of Alexandria, Va., who wore a checkered sport jacket, rainbow tie and soft civilian pants. A master-master sergeant with eight stripes, four up and four down. There was even a visiting officer who took off his blouse and acted like a private.

There were girls, too. Beautiful Camagueñas wearing *apache*, *jibara*, 18th Century French and antique Spanish costumes. Mrs. Hawley, wife of the U. S. consul, came as a witch. Hamburgers sputtered on the grill. There were drinks to be had. Two Cuban photographers who couldn't speak a word of English banged out photos with a big 5 x 7 view camera and a barrel of flash powder in approved 19th Century fashion. A hot Afro-Cuban band beat out jungle rhythms on native instruments, including maracas, tall cowhide knee drums (heated every 15 minutes over an open flame) and saxophones. Overhead, through a canopy of palm branches, you could see the stars and a great pumpkin of a tropical moon.

The MPs were unhappy. They never quite entered into the spirit of the thing all evening. They hung around the door looking frustrated while Lane Goldman Y2c of Quitman, Tex.; S/Sgt. Ben Sloane of Houston, Tex., and other members of the entertainment committee patiently explained: "Look, chums, it's a masquerade. A party, see? The CO says it's O.K. Tonight the guys can wear what they please. Nobody is disorderly or out of line, so just relax."

The party came off at the new enlisted men's Horseshoe Club at historic Camaguey Hotel. Because there isn't any other organized recreation in town, soldiers and sailors from nearby bases have taken over the hotel, once a Spanish barracks, and built themselves a roof-garden club. A local Victory Girls Club supplies them with dates.

—Sgt. LOU STOUMEN
YANK Staff Correspondent

Brother of 'Mutt and Jeff' Artist Paints Marine Dungarees in Pacific

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—Rembrandt had canvas to paint, and Michelangelo found plenty of bare walls for his murals. But when the artistic urge grips Platoon Sgt. Sam Fisher, USMC, of Portland, Oreg., he decorates seabags, dungarees and raincoats.

Sam is half brother of Bud Fisher, creator of "Mutt and Jeff," and first began to draw when he was 8 years old. In his six years in the Marine Corps, he's seen a large chunk of the world. He's decorated seabags in Shanghai, made sketches at Pearl Harbor—the Japs interrupted one of them on Dec. 7, 1941—and caricatured Japs on Guadalcanal.

Usually the marine artist's work is accurate as well as artistic, but occasionally Sam draws native girls gazing at the sunset through palm fronds. This is artistic license; nobody in his outfit ever saw native girls on Guadalcanal. His fee for these portable murals is $3 or its equivalent in "Gook" money, which is marine talk for foreign currency. The sergeant is salting it all away in War Bonds. He plans to attend a fine-arts school at war's end.

—Sgt. SAM SHAFFER
Marine Corps Correspondent

In Next Week's YANK . . .

POCKET GUIDE TO THE U.S.A.

Three YANK correspondents, who paid a visit recently to America after more than a year in foreign combat zones, prepare helpful hints to other GIs overseas about the big and strange country and the curious customs and language of its natives.

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These Glider Men in Italy Lead Rugged Palace Existence

SOMEWHERE IN ITALY—The Infantry, brother, was never like this. There's a company of glider-borne infantrymen here that's quartered in a royal palace. Which puts them about three notches above other troops in this campaign who are bivouacking in mere villas and hotels.

The company's orderly room was formerly the suite assigned to the palace provost. Where flashily dressed royal guards once sat and gossipped about the ladies of the court, GIs lounge around today, idly reading Wild West stories. Portable stoves splutter in the inner courts, now used as a mess hall.

1st Sgt. Edward Lovbezoon of Grand Rapids, Mich., has a difficult time keeping track of his men in the vastness of the palace. "They're inclined to act like royalty and don't want to do fatigue," he said.

Attendants of the royal family are staying on as caretakers of the palace, making goldbrickers' dreams come true. For ten *lira*, about one thin American dime, the footman will take over your sweeping detail. For a somewhat larger fee, he will perform any other objectionable chore that Sgt. Lovbezoon demands of you. What's more, he never grouses no matter how much the work is piled on. Remarkable character, this footman.

"We don't pay any attention to details any more," said Cpl. Patrick Denale of Chicago, Ill.

"That's right," agreed Pvt. Michael Boticke of Youngstown, Ohio, who was typing out a V-mail on an Olivette machine bearing the royal crest. "Guglio's doing my KP so I can write home." He continued to type—with both fingers. "These Itey machine aren't so bad, except that when I hit the 'A' key I get 'Z'."

Understandably, Lt. Vernon L. Wyant of Greensboro, N. C., prefers to live with his men. His apartment is furnished with overstuffed gilt chairs, a Victorian settee, a teakwood desk and a Persian rug.

"One of the servants insisted on bringing in a piano so we could have music," the lieutenant said. "They come in to play and sing for us every night."

The men invited some girls to a dance one evening in the palace hall, where kings and queens formerly held forth. The music wasn't much, with just a piano and a banjo, but the novelty of the occasion made it fun.

The enemy did considerable damage to the palace, and a few places in the structure have been declared "off limits" by Capt. Herbert C. Slaughter of Bradenton, Fla., the company commander. "Jerry may have planted some booby traps," he explained. Cpl. Denale pointed to a damaged part of the building. "What the Germans couldn't take with them," he said, "they tore up. I guess they didn't think the ground floor was worth bothering with."

The prince who owns the palace has come to look things over once in a while. He seems a little bewildered by all these goings-on. Magnanimously 1st Sgt. Lovbezoon has ruled that "the prince is free to come and go. As long as he's paying taxes on this place, he may as well get some use out of it."

—Pvt. JOHN WELSH III
Africa Stars and Stripes

Maj. Gen. Hughes decorates Pvt. Maloney.

Rescue of Yank From Flames Earns Soldier's Medal for Wac

ALGIERS—For rescuing a soldier from death in a gasoline fire, Pvt. Margaret H. Maloney of Rochester, N. Y., recently received the Soldier's Medal and a kiss. She was believed to be the first woman ever to receive the decoration.

Known among the Wacs as "Peewee" because she is only 4 feet 11 inches tall, the 26-year-old Wac saved the life of Pvt. Kenneth M. Jacobs of York, Pa., who fell into a pool of flaming gasoline.

"Without hesitation or thought of danger to herself," the citation said, "[Pvt. Maloney] rushed into the flames and dragged the soldier from them. She then smothered some of his burning clothing with her body and had beaten out much of the rest with her bare hands when additional assistance arrived. The outstanding heroism and self-sacrifice of Pvt. Maloney, who received severe burns herself, prevented an American soldier from being fatally burned." Pvt. Jacobs is still in an Oran hospital.

The decoration was presented at a formal review ceremony, ordered by Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower and held just two days after Pvt. Maloney's release from a hospital, where she spent six weeks under treatment for burns on her hands, arms, legs and face. Maj. Gen. E. S. Hughes, deputy theater commander, pinned the red-white-and-blue ribboned medal on the Wac private and then stooped to kiss her cheek.

DC-3 Lands on Mine Field to Change Motors

THE WESTERN DESERT, EGYPT—Not content with losing her motors and cargo on a flight across the desert, this DC-3 had to pick an old Jerry mine field for an emergency landing ground.

But the story has a happy ending. The plane landed safely on the airfield, still mined as the Germans had abandoned it a year ago, and took off safely after the crew completed a remarkable mid-desert motor change in little more than two days.

As Lt. Harold Bailey of Burnsville, N. C., the co-pilot, tells it, *Brooklyn Wop* took off from a field near Cairo with a heavy cargo of freight and passengers, bound for Algiers. As they neared Buqbuq, a tiny station on the desert railway, a cylinder head blew off the DC-3's left engine. The resulting strain soon overheated the right engine.

"The plane was limping so badly," says Lt. Bailey, "that we had to throw off most of the freight to keep her up until we could find a flat stretch of sand to land on." For a perilous 80 miles they dumped out 4,000 pounds of freight, strewing the sands with tenting, clothing, spades and rifles.

One big pyramidal tent billowed out into the slipstream, almost dragging a man out of the plane. It took all of the passengers to pull the tent back in and keep it from fouling the tail.

"We were down to the last gasp of the last motor when we spotted this field and made a safe landing," the lieutenant says. After the crew got in touch with the British town major at nearby Buqbuq, they learned that the field was still strewn with German land mines.

The British gave them tents, a truck tarp, wood and water for cooking, and stays for a cook shack. The town major also sent back a signal for aid to the American base.

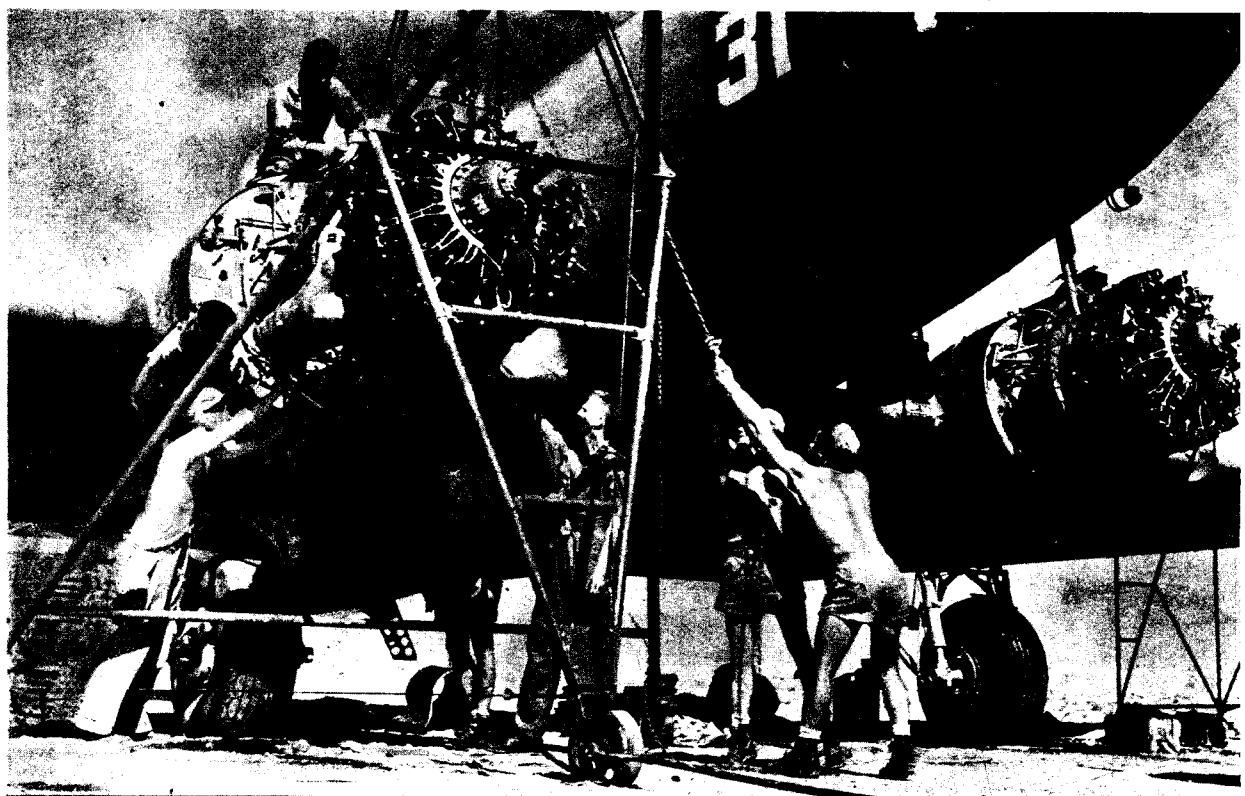
Fortunately for all, one of the passengers, Cpl. Anthony Pancaldo of Brooklyn, N. Y., was a cook. In short order he had a C-ration-K-ration meal cooking.

Late in the afternoon the relief plane landed with food, water, two new motors, gear for changing them and a repair crew. The relief plane took the passengers back to base.

Before dark that day the repair crew, directed by T/Sgt. Gordon Mittan of Hebron, Nebr., crew chief, had the old motors on the ground. By dusk Sunday they had one new motor on, and nightfall Monday found the other one installed.

Early Tuesday morning, with the old motors stowed inside and a safe strip marked off on the field, *Brooklyn Wop* took off to return to her base.

—Sgt. BURGESS SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent



In the desert the repair crew of the DC-3, the *Brooklyn Wop*, installs new motors brought by a relief plane.

This Week's Cover

THE natives of Fiji and the Yanks have become very friendly, so it's no surprise to see this soldier teaching the bula boy the art of blowing the bugle, even to the extent of a sympathetic bulging of the cheek. For a GI visit to the capital city of Suva on Saturday, the week's big day, see pages 12, 13.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—Sgt. John Bushemi. 2 & 3—Acme. 4—Signal Corps. 6—Sgt. Dave Richardson. 7—U. S. Navy. 8—Sgt. Wayne Burris. 9—Upper, Signal Corps; lower right, Sgt. George Aarons. 10—AAF. 12 & 13—Sgt. Bushemi. 16—Upper left, PRO, Camp Adair, Oreg.; lower center, Sgt. Ben Schnall; lower right, Terminal Topics, Terminal Island (Calif.) NAS. 17—Upper right, AAF, Southeast Training Center; lower (left to right): Courtland AAF, Ala.; PRO, Blackland AAF, Tex.; Moses Lake AAB, Wash. 20—Columbia Pictures. 21—Universal Pictures. 23—USMC.

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Flood Control on the Rhine

A soldier in Africa presents a few ideas about how Germany should be punished after the war.

By Pvt. IRWIN SHAW

CAIRO, EGYPT—In a curious way, American soldiers are getting a bad press in their home-town newspapers and magazines. GIs and officers alike are represented as heroic, kindly, upright, lovable, but strangely unaware of the reasons for which they're fighting and the world they want to see when the victory is won. Newspaper correspondents, full of praise for the fighting qualities of the men beside whom they serve, still write troubled articles about the political apathy of our Army, its reluctance to grapple with the immense and complicated issues of war and peace.

All the men want to do, according to the correspondents, is to win and get the hell home to a pretty American girl. I want to win, myself, and I have a wonderfully pretty American girl to get home to, but I must confess other thoughts cross my mind from time to time.

According to one high-priced advertising writer who operates in a kind of fervent free verse on the pages of our slick magazines, in the interests of a firm that used to make electric refrigerators and now makes airplane parts all the American soldier thinks about as he goes into battle is the necessity of keeping America absolutely unchanged after the war. This sounds to me much more like the thoughts of a high-powered advertising executive as he sits down to fill out his income-tax blank than an infantryman jumping out of a landing barge into the surf on the beaches of Europe. The infantryman, I can assure the silver-penned copywriter, is more than willing to have a changed America when he finally shows up again in San Francisco or Newport News. For one thing, it seems like a gloomy waste of time and effort to spend two or three or four years under the brutality of sergeants, away from home, being bombed, machine-gunned and mortared, merely to come back to exactly what you had before. It was good, brother, but it wasn't good enough.

If it had been good enough, we wouldn't be out here now. We would have stopped Hitler & Company at the first rehearsal instead of waiting until they took their act on the road. If it had been good enough, we would not have been sleeping off the Great Saturday Night of 1919-41 at Pearl Harbor that Sunday morning. If it had been good enough, we would be home now making sons and automobiles instead of assaults on fortified positions.

The picture that a large portion of the press has given us has been that of an Army composed of charming, shy, inarticulate farm boys and rough wits from Brooklyn. Since almost two complete generations of male America are in the Army today, this narrow estimate can hardly be the truth. The Army is Everybody, and Everybody includes a lot of people who have read a book or two, who have voted independently in an election or two, and who have argued politics on more than one rainy night in bars from Bangor to San Diego.

So, in barracks and bivouac, on troopship and DC-3, in bar and hospital, regardless of copywriters, the Army has talked among other things about the large issues of the war and the world after the war. To pretend that the Army has one single opinion on these matters is foolish. Since the Army is Everybody and the Army is American, there are enough opinions to equip a task force of senators and commentators for a five-year campaign. But on one thing the Army is absolutely united. It wants to be perfectly certain that there will never again be an American grave with "Made in Germany" lettered on the cross. It wants to be perfectly certain that there is never again a *Luftwaffe*, never again a U-boat fleet.

THE Army, which is now fighting cruelly and viciously and well against the German forces, has no cruel or vicious designs against the German nation. But the Army has an unshakable conviction about the German war machine: it must be extinguished. To say the German Army must be destroyed is nothing novel, and many people have been saying it for a long time. But it is necessary to plan here and now how it is to be extinguished, by whom, and how it is to be kept extinguished. The German Army is and will always be as much an American problem as flood control on the Mississippi or unemployment or erosion. That realization, and a determination to take whatever steps are necessary to implement it, is one of the changes we'd like to see in America when we get home.

Pvt. Shaw suggests exile for this type of German military leader.

In my GI wanderings around America and Africa, I've heard bits and pieces of various schemes for Germany from GI statesmen and world-planners, and it might be profitable to assemble some of them.

FIRST, of course, we can do nothing by ourselves. Our allies are going to have some notions of their own that will have to be worked with ours into a smooth, unanimous program. That program, as far as Germany is concerned, should be worked out immediately and announced, by leaflet, radio and secret agent throughout the Reich. There should be hope in that program for the common people of Germany. There should be no hope in it for Nazis, for executioners, for the officer corps of the *Wehrmacht*, but there should be a promise in it of an honorable, though hard, life for the bulk of the German people.

The United Nations do have a great gift to bring to the German nation. We have the gift and absolute promise of peace to offer them. Never again, we can say, will armies composed of your sons and brothers and husbands be sent to slaughter on new battlefields. Never again will your cities be devastated by bombs. Once and for all we will lift the greatest plague of the German people from your shoulders. It is no mean gift, and it is one that might encourage many Germans to work for quick surrender.

After the war, regardless of what political disposition is made of the German state, all war industries must be completely dismantled — all arsenals and airplane plants, all heavy industry that could be turned into arms production at any time. Perhaps for the period after the war when all the strength of Europe's industries will be needed to rebuild her battered cities, this judgment could be suspended. But ultimately anything that a later generation of Germans might turn into a forge for another sword must be wiped off the German earth.

The officer class of the German military establishment must be automatically included among the Nazi criminals listed for punishment after the war. However much we admire their courage and tenacity, their skill and daring, we must remember that these qualities are vices in an enemy. We must realize that the officers of Germany are the seed-bearers of future wars. It was they who supported Hitler in the beginning and, at first secretly, then openly, worked out all the dreadful, efficient tactics of the *blitzkrieg*. Given the chance, they will do it again. Strict and everlasting exile on some distant island for the top 50,000 men of the *Wehrmacht* would be a guarantee that millions of lives would be saved in the future. All staff schools, war colleges, officer-training academies must be closed, all military teaching in Germany forbidden. Somehow, we must still the trumpet that blows in the ear of every other German generation.

To those few generals and influential men who first aid us in bringing about a quick surrender, we can offer, in the practical interest of expediency, not power in post-war Germany, but safe conduct and remission of sins. From the standpoint of absolute justice this is perhaps cynical, but from the standpoint of humanity and the conservation of lives, the forgiving of a handful of men in this case is well justified.

American soldiers must expect to be stationed in various parts of Europe, perhaps for a long time after the war, as part of an international police force whose duty it will be to preserve the terms of the peace we have won. However, there is no reason why volunteers and men who have spent the war in the United States could not be called upon for this task, rather than the veterans of overseas campaigns.

As far as reparations and reprisals go, just and necessary as they may be, we must put a time limit on them. A Germany facing an indefinite future in despair would do the world no good at all. Let us say: "We shall hang, exile and punish the criminals of Nazism, but our trials will last no longer than two years. After that time we shall consider ourselves quits with the thieves and murderers of Nazi Germany and from that time forward no man then free need fear anything further from us, so long as he behaves himself." The same should be true of reparations. Whatever the time fixed — 10 or 15 years—it should be a definite date.

As for the political arrangements of the German Government after the war, we have probably reached some decision about their nature in the recent Moscow Conference. Whatever the government, we must make certain that it is enlisted in the cause of the Four Freedoms.

Flood control on the Mississippi and flood control on the Rhine are two American problems, and we can't dodge either of them. But there will be a lot of helping hands on the Rhine job, and with enough ingenuity, enough sweat, enough good will, the dikes ought to hold, even after a spring of heavy rain.

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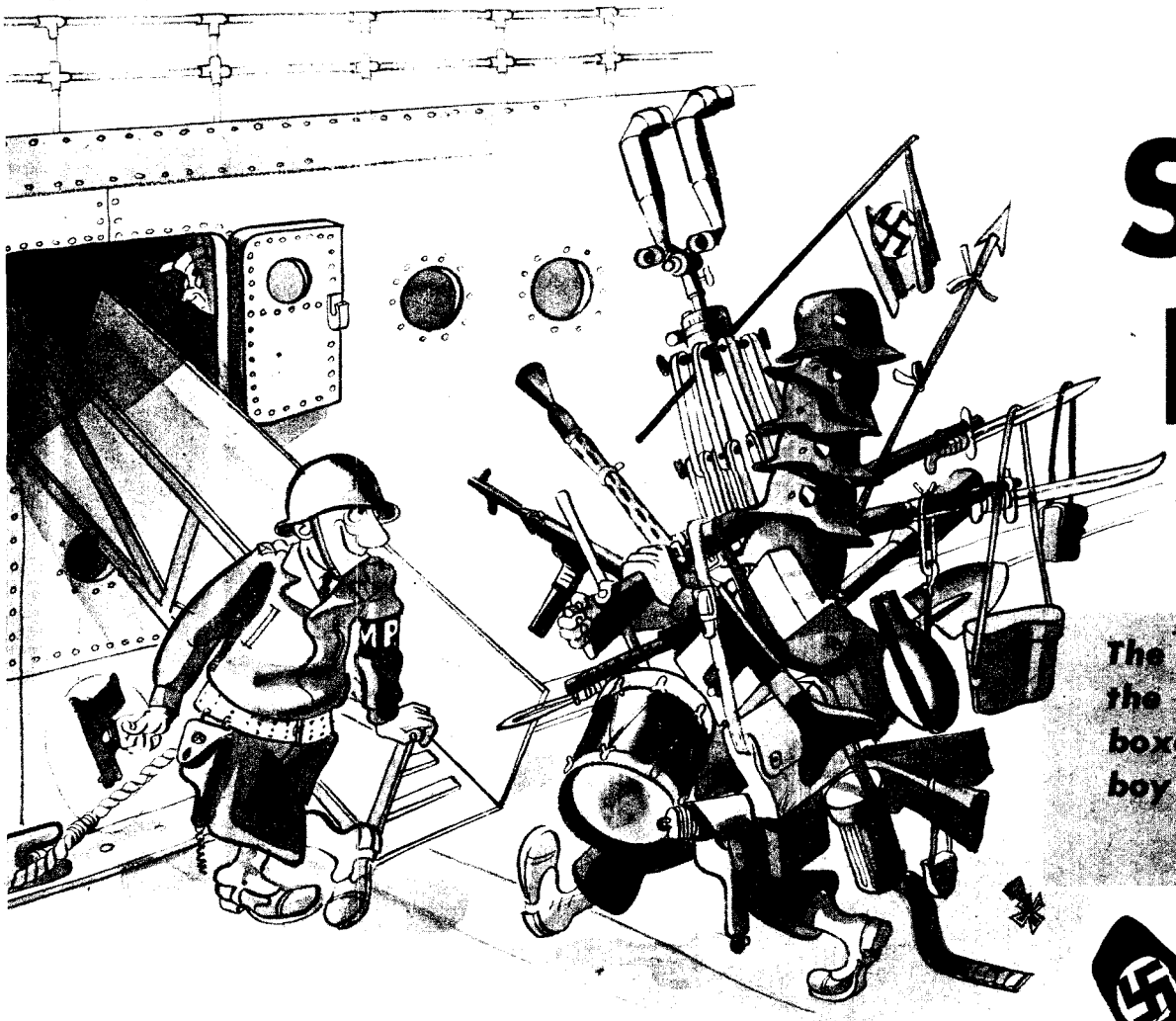
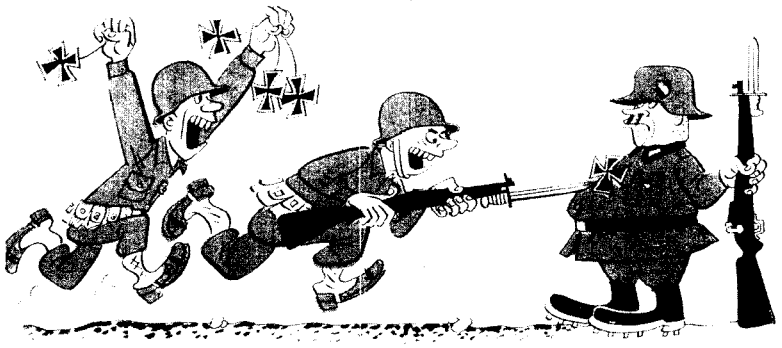
Souvenir Hunting

By Sgt. RALPH STEIN



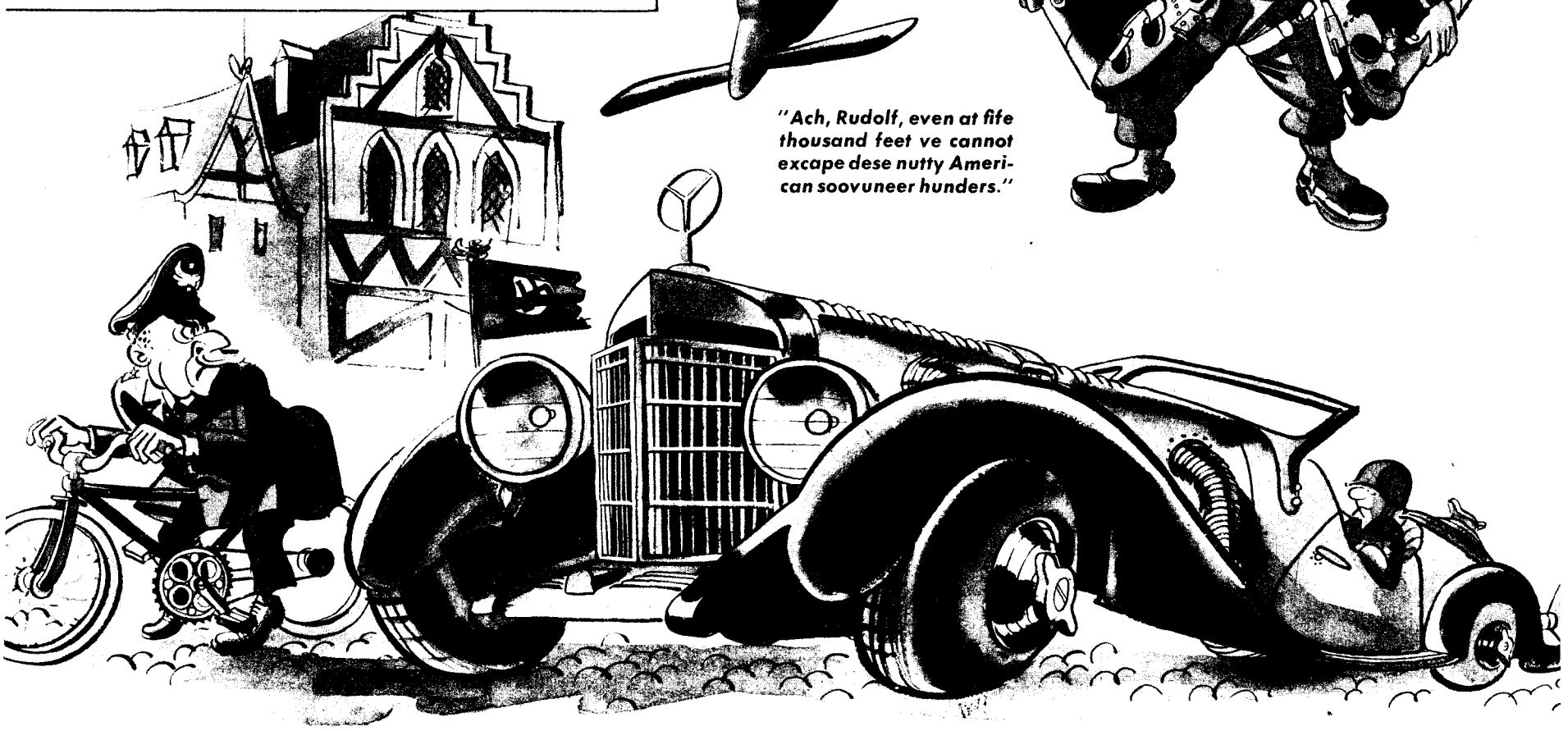
The maniacs who used to drive the rest of the family crazy filling the closets with boxes of pine combs from Maine and cowboy hats from Yellowstone Park are still doing the same thing overseas.

The 79th Article of War reads as follows: "All public property taken from the enemy is the property of the United States and shall be secured for the service of the United States, and any person who neglects to secure such property . . . shall be punished as a court martial may direct . . ."



"Don't ruin that Iron Cross! I want it for me collection!"

"Ach, Rudolf, even at fife thousand feet ve cannot excape dese nutty American soovuneer hunders."



Sometimes the most elaborate and attractive battle souvenirs are exceptionally hard to keep, if you know what we mean.

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"TWO SHILLIN', JOE." THIS SALESLADY KNOWS ANY GI IS A SUCKER FOR TRINKETS, HENCE HER CONFIDENCE.

A visit to the Army dentist leaves a native missing a substantial hunk of shining ivory.

VISIT TO FIJI

That's no trick. Natives are neat at balancing, so the hen has a steady roost.

FIJI HAS OFTEN BEEN CALLED "LITTLE INDIA" BECAUSE MANY INDIANS LIKE THESE HAVE MIGRATED THERE.

A native family comes into market at Suva from miles up the river, poling their bamboo raft.

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HERE'S A SMILING GALLERY OF ALLIED BEER DRINKERS. BARS OPEN AT 1 P. M. AND CLOSE BEFORE DARK.

Hollywood's idea of a tropical beauty is a big improvement over what soldiers meet.

An MP shares the spotlight with one of the Fiji police traffic directors in Suva.

A COUPLE OF YANKS WALK THROUGH SUVA'S BUSINESS SECTION LINED WITH INDIAN SHOPS AND A FEW BARS.

This coy lady's name is Margaret and she is laundering for some nice American soldiers.

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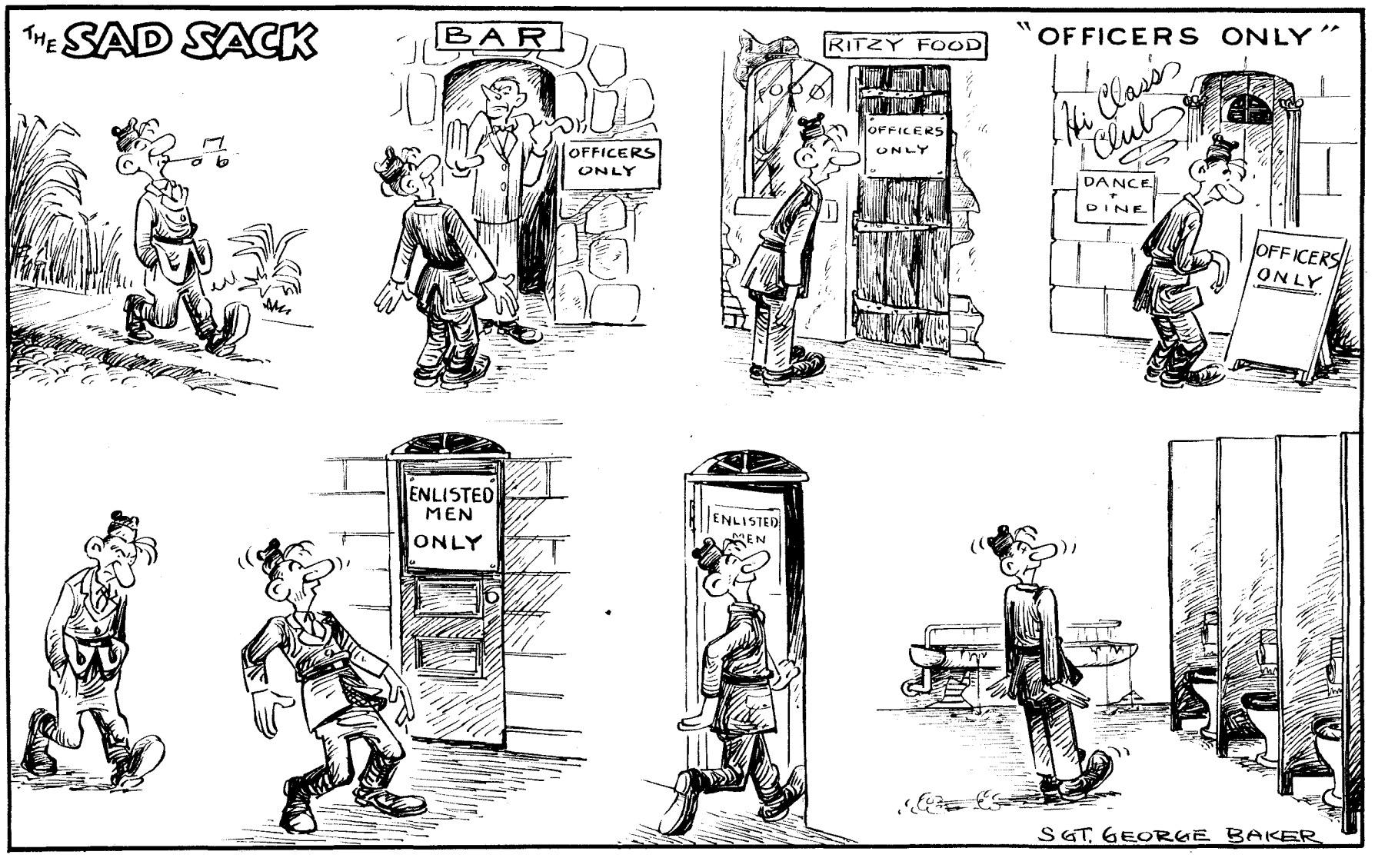


Where's My War Bond?

Dear YANK:

Since I've been in the Army I've been buying War Bonds. The money has been deducted from my pay, but I've never received any bonds or any notice concerning them. I started buying War Bonds when I was in Texas, but I've gone overseas since then.

Australia —Sgt. ALFRED S. LINROSE

■ Write to the Army War Bond Office, Finance Department, 366 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill. Include your name, grade and serial number. And as near as you can remember, state the date you subscribed for the bonds, where you were stationed at the time and how much they were for.

Navy Medals

Dear YANK:

How long does it take to earn the Good Conduct Medal in the Navy? We know that the Army cut down its requirements from three years' service to one, but what about us?

Central Pacific —HERMAN FARBER AOM3c

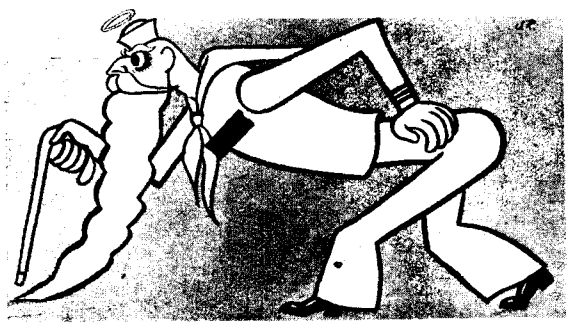
■ The Navy Good Conduct Medal may now be awarded to any man who has completed at least three years of his six-year enlistment, provided he has attained an average during that time of 3.5 proficiency. On the old basis, when enlistments were for four years, a man had to complete all four years before he was eligible for the Good Conduct Medal.

Dear YANK:

Am I entitled to wear the Naval Reserve Ribbon? I am a two years' reserve man and have served an additional two years in active war status.

South Pacific —WYMAN KRANTZ Y3c

■ You will be eligible to wear the Naval Reserve Ribbon when you have completed 10 years of honorable service in the reserve; for each additional 10-year period you will be entitled to a bronze star.



What's Your Problem?

Ratings in ASTP

Dear YANK:

Two months ago I was a buck sergeant, but I gave up my rating to take the basic course at an Army Specialized Training Unit. Everything was fine until I took the examination to qualify for the next term. I failed and was automatically washed out of ASTP. Now I'm told that I can't get back my old rating. I'm pretty sore about this, because it took me two years to get those stripes and I lost them in a two-hour exam.

Fort Jackson —Pvt. H. J. SALLER

■ If a noncom or a pfc. takes the basic course in ASTP he loses his rating not only temporarily but outright. (Everyone trains in the grade of private in the basic course.) If he washes out of basic or if he completes it but does not go to the advanced course, he remains a private.

Noncoms, however, keep their ratings in ASTP if their original enrollment was in the advanced course. Classification authorities at the STAR units, where it is determined whether a soldier goes to advanced or basic, are supposed to point out the advantages and disadvantages in each particular assignment. The New York headquarters of the ASTP states that no noncom may be compelled to attend the basic course if he feels he may flunk and consequently lose his rating.

Dear YANK;

I was a line corporal before I went to an Army Specialized Training Unit, but I lost my rating when I was assigned to the basic course. If I'd been assigned to the advanced course I could have kept my rating, but in the basic course everyone is trained in the grade of private. Now, this is my question: I have almost completed the basic course and have a good chance of taking the advanced course next term. If I take the advanced training will I get back my old corporal's rating?

ASTP, University of Kentucky, Ky. —Pvt. JOHN HELMER

■ No. An NCO who loses his rating to attend the basic course gets only a pfc. rating when he moves to the advanced course. He does not get back his old rating.

Short Snorter Rules

Dear YANK:

A lot of guys here are members of the Short Snorter Club, but each member "joined" the club under completely different rules. I thought a trip across an ocean by plane was the primary requirement for every new member, but one fellow "member" admits he has never flown in his life, much less winged over an ocean. Another man claims that a Short Snorter who is challenged by another Short Snorter to show his dollar bill and can't show it can claim a buck from the challenger for having called his "bluff." We're not sure of anything now. Just what are the rules?

Alaska —Cpl. NED A. BOWERS

■ Short Snorter "rules" are as erratic as a machine gun, and the club has deteriorated so much that practically anybody who can produce a dollar becomes a member. However, here are the basic, accepted rules you *should* keep if you want to be known as a respectable Short Snorter. Cross an ocean by plane; this doesn't mean simply flying a few hundred miles over water on patrol. When you complete the trip, get inducted by at least three reputable Short Snorters and give each of them $1. Then write your own name and the date on another dollar bill, which you keep, and get each Short Snorter present to write his name on the same bill. Also, as a matter of form, you must sign their bills. You keep your bill with you everywhere you go, for it is your membership card and any Short Snorter anywhere in the world can ask you to produce it within two minutes or forfeit $1. You, of course, now have the same privilege, and can challenge other Short Snorters. If the challenged member is able to produce his bill he and the challenger merely exchange signatures; it is not true that a challenged Short Snorter who can produce his bill gets a dollar from the challenger for calling his "bluff." Adolphe Menjou is believed to have the longest collection of Short Snorter bills, stretching some 35 to 40 feet and containing about 7,000 signatures, including Hermann Goering's.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

STRICTLY G.I.

Patton Report

Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr. was guilty of "reprehensible conduct" when he lost his temper and upbraided two enlisted men suffering from nervous disorders in Sicily hospitals last August, according to the official report on the Patton case submitted to Secretary of War Stimson by Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, commander of Allied Forces in the Mediterranean. Lt. Gen. Patton struck one of the soldiers, knocking a helmet liner off his head. Gen. Eisenhower reported that the corrective action taken by Lt. Gen. Patton after the incidents occurred—a series of apologies, first to the enlisted men themselves and persons who were present in the hospitals and later to the officers of each division in the American Seventh Army—was, in his opinion, "suitable in the circumstances and adequate."

Gen. Eisenhower reported that he took the following action when the two incidents were reported to him:

He wrote to Lt. Gen. Patton, "expressing my extreme displeasure and informing him that any repetition would result in his immediate relief." He ordered Lt. Gen. Patton to make apologies and told the Seventh Army commander that he would wait and observe the effect of the apologies before deciding whether or not Lt. Gen. Patton should be removed from his post.

Then Gen. Eisenhower sent another general to Sicily to find out whether there was any resentment or ill feeling against Lt. Gen. Patton among the men of the Seventh Army and went there himself to make a similar investigation. He also sent the theater inspector general to the Seventh Army to report on the reaction to the case.

"The inspector general reported to me that, while there was more or less general knowledge that incidents of the character described had taken place, the men themselves felt that Gen. Patton had done a splendid over-all job and no great harm had been done," Gen. Eisenhower said.

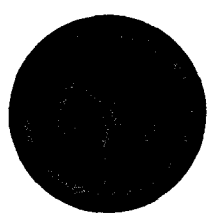
And so Gen. Eisenhower decided to keep Lt. Gen. Patton in his command because he felt that the two incidents were not "sufficiently damaging to Patton and to his standing in his Army to compel me to relieve him, thus losing to the United Nations his unquestioned value as an assault force commander."

The War Department gave Gen. Eisenhower full authority to deal with the case of Lt. Gen. Patton because, according to Army policy, the overseas theater commander is held fully responsible for all personnel problems in his command. This Secretary of War Stimson explained in his first official statement on the Patton incidents.

"Under the geographical circumstances of this war," Secretary Stimson said, "the man on the ground must know the details and reasons governing each problem much better than we could in Washington."

Secretary Stimson said that the War Department was satisfied that Gen. Eisenhower had acted in the Patton case with "justice and fairness" and in "the highest interest of his soldiers and his country."

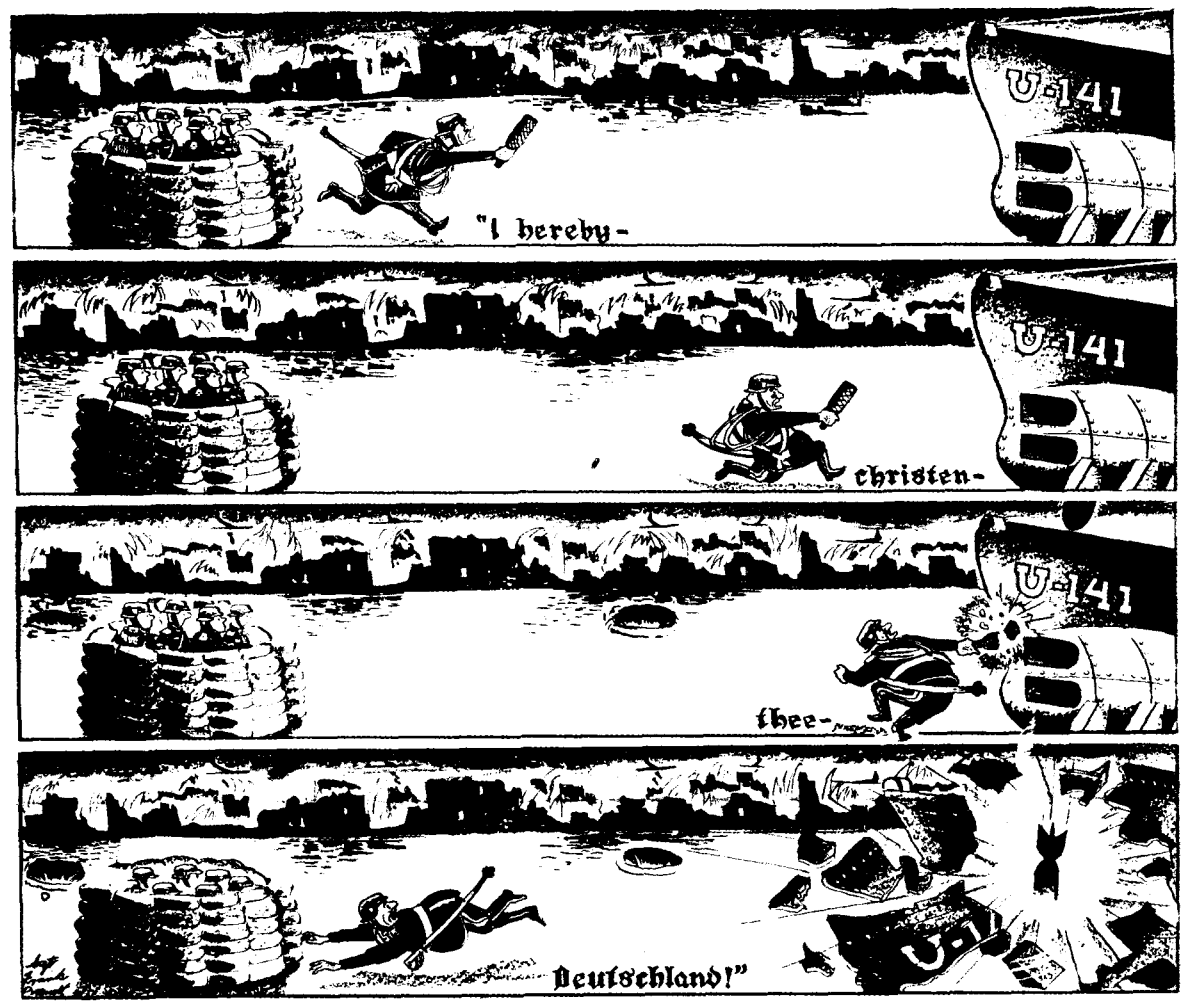
Divisions in Recent Actions



American forces that completed the conquest of the Gilbert Islands in 76 hours included two Marine divisions and one Army division, reports American Central Pacific HQ in Pearl Harbor. The 27th Infantry, a former New York National Guard outfit, took Makin; the 2d Marine Division, which included veterans from Guadalcanal, occupied Tarawa; and an unidentified Marine division captured Abemama. The 27th's insignia is shown here.

Allied HQ in Algiers announces that the 36th and 45th Divisions are among Fifth Army units in action in Italy. The 36th, which spearheaded the American invasion at Salerno, is composed about 60 percent of Texans. The 45th, which helped roll back German counterattacks during the early crucial periods when the Salerno bridgehead was in danger of being wiped out, is made up largely of GIs from Colorado, Oklahoma and New Mexico, including more than a thousand Indians.

LAUNCHING OF A NEW GERMAN SUBMARINE



Discharge Buttons Available

The WD has announced that gold-plated plastic lapel buttons for wear on civilian clothing to signify honorable military service on or after Sept. 9, 1939, have been distributed to Army posts and stations in the U. S. These buttons will be free to Army personnel who on or after Sept. 9, 1939, have served honorably in the AUS and have been honorably discharged or transferred to an inactive status, and to members of the WAAC "whose separation from the service was under honorable conditions."

Honorably discharged GIs may obtain these buttons either by applying in person at any Army installation, except POEs, or by writing to any Army installation. When applying in person, soldiers must present certificates of honorable discharge or certificates of service; when applying by mail, they must enclose their discharge papers. Such letters should be sent by registered mail.

Absentee Ballots for Louisiana GIs

Louisiana GIs who want to vote in that state's primary elections on Jan. 18, 1944, and Feb. 29, 1944, may apply for absentee ballots either in accordance with Louisiana law or by mailing to the Louisiana Secretary of State post-card applications that have already been supplied by the WD to military installations in the U. S. units overseas. Primaries in other states will be held during the months from April to October, inclusive.

Washington O.P.

A nomination for the promotion of Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr. from his permanent rank of colonel in the Cavalry to the permanent rank of major general was before Congress when the story broke here about him striking a soldier in a Sicilian hospital last August. Secretary of War Stimson was asked at a press conference later if the War Department knew of the incident when it recommended Lt. Gen. Patton for the permanent promotion. Secretary Stimson answered that the recommendation was made on the basis of Lt. Gen Patton's over-all contribution to his country and especially for his conduct overseas as a task force commander.

The WD has announced that Maj. Gen. Terry Allen, hard-boiled commander of the First Infantry Division in the Tunisian and Sicilian campaigns, is now in this country as commander of the 104th Division at Camp Adair, Oreg. Also back in the States is Maj. Gen. John H. Hester, former commander of the occupational forces in New Georgia. Secretary Stimson explained that the combat experience of both is being used in the training of new outfits. . . . Lt. Gen. Mark Clark, commander of the Allied Fifth Army in Italy, reports that the Japanese-American troops there have proved themselves to be exceptionally good combat soldiers, especially skilful in scouting and patrolling. To date, their 100th Infantry Battalion has had 34 men killed, 130 wounded and five missing in the Italian campaign.

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Nassau: Sgt. Dave P. Folds Jr., MP.

Iceland: Sgt. Gene Graff, Inf.

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Greenland: Sgt. Edward F. O'Meara, AAF.

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MORTAR MASTER. Sgt. Kenneth A. Krohn, Co. D, 276th Inf., at Camp Adair, Oreg., put an 81-mm mortar in action, single-handed, in 46 seconds. Sgt. Krohn was wounded during the occupation of Attu.

Booby Trap Museum

Camp Carson, Colo.—The 168th Engineers have set up a new kind of museum, designed to teach curious GIs the dangers of battlefield-souvenir collecting. It is a display of many types of booby traps that have been found in combat zones.

The simulated traps are innocent-looking objects that explode in realistic manner when handled. One is a house in which brooms, chairs and doors are cleverly wired to flashlight bulbs.

Dummy corpses and an outdoor fire trench loaded with traps constructed with boards, helmets and mess kits complete the grim atmosphere of the exhibit.

Just Call Him John

Camp Lee, Va.—Pvt. Carmine Serino bounced into his barracks waving a telegram and announced to all: "It's a boy. Gosh, it's a boy."

Fellow cooks of the QM School's Demonstration Bn. were quick to congratulate him, and one asked the baby's name.

"Name is John," said the proud pop, "after my father-in-law."

"How come you didn't name him after your father?" another asked.

"Well, said Serino, "I would have. Only my father's name—well, that's John, too."

Lay It Down

Camp Davis, N. C.—It was something of a major catastrophe, reports Sgt. Edmond G. Monk, when the juke box at one of the PXs here went on a rampage. No matter what button was pressed, the only tune that came out was "Pistol Packin' Mama."

GIs tried shaking the machine, kicking it and inserting specially prepared nickels which had been given an "evil eye" treatment. But it still came out the same.

The nerves of all were at the breaking point when the big moment arrived. First a sudden stop right in the middle of "lay that pistol——." Then a squeal and a groan. Finally the mechanical arm lifted the record up and dropped it with a crash. "Pistol Packin' Mama" got told off.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Moore Field, Tex.—Sgt. William E. Strasser reports on an aviation cadet receiving Link Trainer instructions who with nonchalance flew at the proper altitude on the proper beam, performed difficult maneuvers with ease and finally brought his Link in from a cross-country trip while reading a comic magazine. "You see," the cadet explained to an amazed instructor, "I was a Link instructor for eight months before I became a cadet."

Nashville Army Air Center, Tenn.—Sgt. Jim Kane, known here for his stage and radio performances, told a couple of GIs: "Think of me when you see the curtain go up on 'Claudia' at the Community Playhouse." The GIs said they would and asked: "What part are you playing, Jim?" "Who, me?" said Kane. "Why, I'll be pulling the curtain up."

Fort Riley, Kans.—Members of the WAC Det., the 2d Cavalry School Det., the CRTC and the Provisional Truck Bn. have organized an open forum to discuss current and post-war problems. Wacs and GIs take turns presiding over the meetings, but Pvt. Jacqueline Boyd acts as permanent secretary. An officer sits in on each session.

ASTU, Blacksburg, Va.—Former Pfc. Robert L. Shallenberg, of Co. F, 3301st ASTU, has a unique record. On Nov. 8 he was just a Pfc.; on Nov. 9 he was given an HD; on Nov. 10 he got an ensign's commission in the Navy.

Watertown Army Air Base, S. Dak.—Pfc. Herbert T. Burrell was browsing around a store when a gal clerk asked him where he was from. "Watertown," he answered shortly. Whereupon the gal went into exclamations on how lucky he was to be stationed in his home town, etc., etc. Burrell waited for her to calm down and then added: "New York."

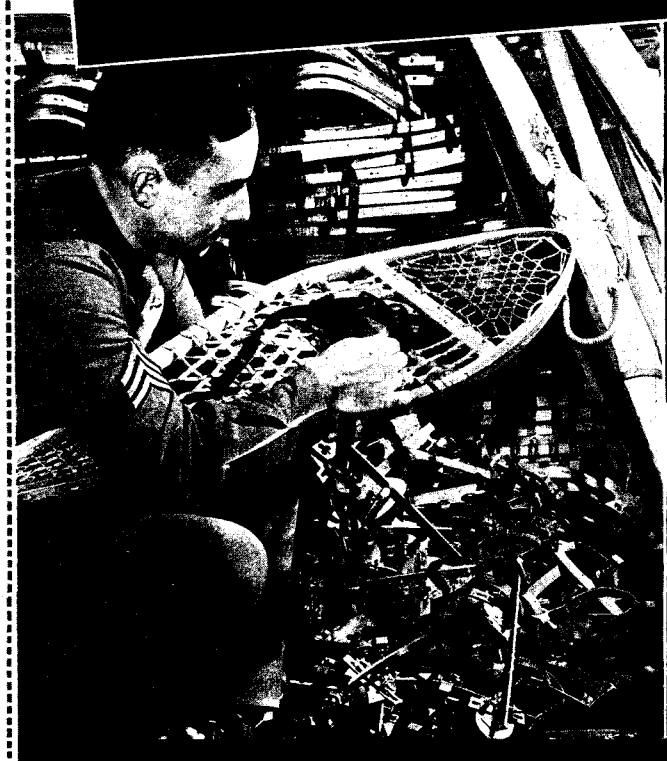
Camp Gruber, Okla.—Pvt. George Mellinger of the 132d Signal Co. had three cents left after a big night off. The next night he hit the hay early and dreamed that some kind soul was giving him money. The next day he received a letter from the company for which he had worked with a check enclosed.

Wrong Movement

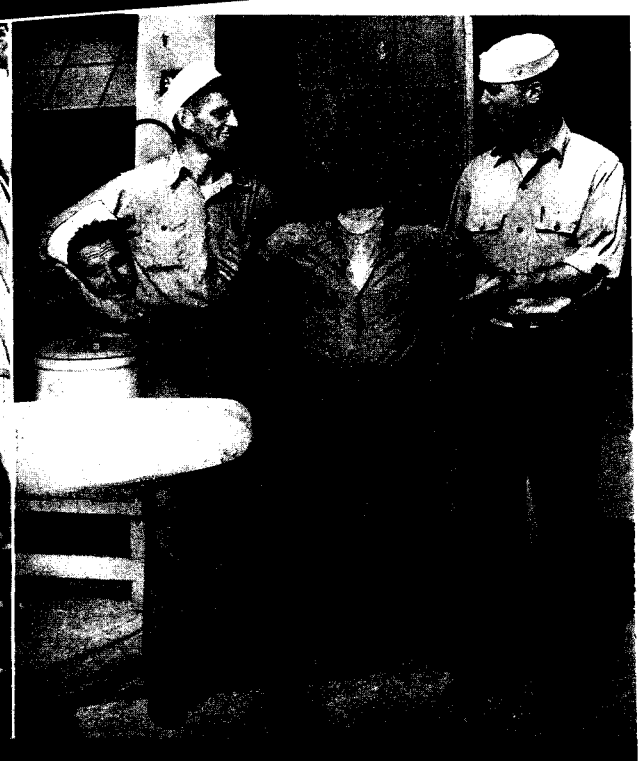
BTC 10, Greensboro, N. C.—The two officers behind the pay desk plied pianist Sgt. Elmer Bernstein with musical questions. One whistled a few bars and Bernstein answered readily: "Second Movement from the 'Unfinished.'" The other puckered up and gave forth with a few more notes. "That's the Third Movement from the 'Pathetique,'" Bernstein told him.

Finally a GI in the rear broke it up with: "Nuts to that—what's gonna be with the First Movement from Pay Roll?"

CAMP NEWS



WINTER INVENTORY. Sgt. Vincent Poccia, in charge of sports arena at Pine Camp, N. Y., gets ready for big snows. With four men acting as instructors, 700 have applied for ski instruction this winter.



OBJECT LESSON. Might happen to you, too, if you hit a propeller. This picture appeared in Terminal Island (Calif.) NAS paper. L. to r.: J. Wiley AMM1c, S. Olechnowicz AM2c and R. Crosthwait AM2c.

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"How long? Well, he was only a buck private when he first started annoying me."

—Sgt. Ray Henry, Fort Huachuca (Ariz.) Buffalo

Camp Van Dorn, Miss.—Members of the 563d Signal Co., 63d Inf. Div., are not fully appreciative of the mellow notes which Sgt. R. A. Crews blows on his trumpet. His calls, however, have met the approbation of the WAC detachment across the way, and now Crews entertains every morning after reveille in a style that brings much applause from the female GIs.

Camp Gordon, Ga.—Pfc. Robert Parker, a cook here, adds a fillip of novelty to the business of feeding GIs. Parker, a former student at the Cleveland Art Institute, illustrates the daily menus with comic cartoons.

Second Army Maneuvers, Tenn. — Sgt. James Mackey will get around to enjoying his furlough in Watertown, if the opposing forces on maneuvers will leave him alone. Watertown is in the maneuver area and, so far, Mackey has been "captured" twice by the Blue Forces.

Camp Haan, Calif.—Pvt. William Vann of Battery A, 782d, was a little puzzled about having to present a discarded tube in order to get a new tube of shaving cream. He started out of his barracks with the old tube in hand but returned almost immediately. His buddy asked him why. "This tube's worthless," Vann said. "How you gonna fill this beat-up old thing with fresh shaving cream?"

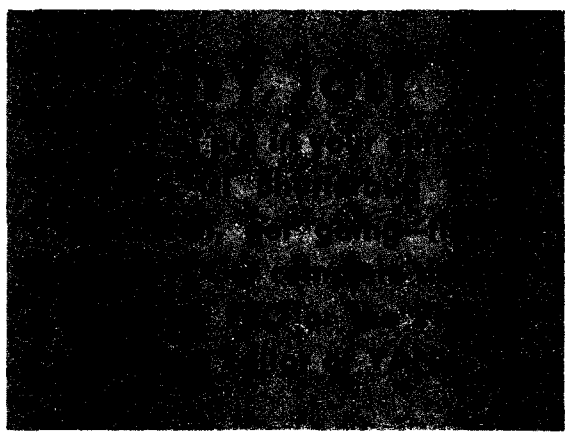
Walla Walla Army Air Base, Wash.—Unlike the GI who has his AAF insignia tattooed on his arm [YANK, Oct. 29], Cpl. Douglas S. Bolitho of the 357th Base Hq. & AB Sq. had foresight. As a member of the Signal Corps he considered having its emblem tattooed on his arm but became cautious and settled for just name and serial number. Some time later he was transferred to the AAF.

Camp Stoneman, Calif.—Pvt. Wally Rosenthal of the Military Personnel Office went to the station hospital recently and showed the doctor a bluish spot on his chest. He was asked if he had any pains but replied negatively. The doctor, puzzled, ordered X-rays. The following morning, while he was taking a shower, the bluish mark came off. Then Rosenthal realized it had been only a tarnish stain from his dog tags.

Buckley Field, Colo.—Cpl. Robert L. Rasche, a member of the 336th Air Base Sq., doesn't go in for painting murals in post theaters, service clubs or mess halls. According to S/Sgt. S. G. Danna, Cpl. Rasche beautifies the walls of the latrines with his paintings.

ROLL CALL

At **Scott Field, Ill.**, Pfc. Douglas Fairbanks is a member of the 21st Academic Sq., while Pfc. Warren Harding lives in a white house in the 93d. . . . Co. C, 84th Inf. Tng. Bn., **Camp Roberts, Calif.**, reports two trainees who should get together with Pvt. Floyd Pepper; they are Pvts. Kenneth Dill and Jimmie Pickle. . . . The Bumsteads have gone to war with Mrs. (Pvt. Dorothy O.) Bumstead at **Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.**, and Mr. (Sgt. James C.) Bumstead overseas; at home they have a dog named Daisy. . . . Pfc. Johnny Zero is in the Hq. and Hq. Troop, 90th Recon. Sq., at **Camp Pilot Knob Hill, Calif.** . . . Candidate for the shortest name in the Army is Pfc. Ng Yah, a member of the 412th Armd. FA at **Camp Campbell, Ky.** . . . At **Salt Lake City AAB, Utah,** a guy who sold plenty of that famous beverage as a grocery clerk is named Sgt. Clyde C. Coke, while Cpl. Edwin P. Ohm is a radio mechanic. . . . Recent arrivals in the **324th CTD, State Teachers College, Oswego, N. Y.**, are Pvts. Moon, Light, Love and Kiss, to form a poetic foursome. . . . A tall sergeant in a QM outfit at **Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.**, is named Ben Dover. . . . In the 63d Div. at **Camp Van Dorn, Miss.**, we find a Sgt. Seargent (Wilmer) with the 253d Inf., a Pvt. Call (Alten L.), who is a mail clerk with the 254th Inf., and Private First Class Klass (Morris) with the Div. Hq.



HONORED WIFE. Pvt. Helen Kent, as she received Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal at WAC Army Administration School, Conway, Ark., for her husband, 1st Lt. Earl C. Kent, missing in action.

SPECIAL HANDLING. "Here's your mail, bud," croaks Seventeen Grand, self-appointed postmaster of 1076th Squadron at Courtland AAF, Ala. And S/Sgt. H. T. Cobb accepts with pleasure.

HEAVY SHINE. Another case of a little man getting the biggest load. S Sgt. Roy M. Goodman (right) cleans the flute on this detail and Pfc. Jerry Lusk shines up the tuba. They're from Blackland Army Air Field, Tex.

OH, MOM! Did somebody say that KP isn't so bad after all? Get a load of Pvt. James A. Chamber with that tearful sack of onions at Moses Lake Army Air Base, Wash., and then try and say it over again.

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Battle of Sexes

Dear YANK:

As I am very interested in sports competition between the sexes, my attention was drawn to this item which appeared in a November issue of YANK: "The GIs in the Mitchel Field (N. Y.) gym couldn't believe their eyes when they saw Pvt. Ben Taylor stagger Sgt. Max Katz, New England middleweight champ, with a whistling uppercut. Pvt. Ben Taylor is a Wac." Now, when a private staggers a sergeant with a whistling uppercut it's news for every private in the Army. But when the private is a woman and the sergeant is a champ, it's evident that soldiers are winning the war but losing the battle of the sexes. What sort of a girl is Pvt. Ben Taylor: tall, short, muscular, feminine or what? Did she do any boxing as a civilian? How come a sergeant and private were boxing? If they are going to fight in the future, how can a GI get to see it?

Long Island City, N. Y. —**Pvt. JOHN J. McDONALD**

■ Miss Ben Taylor gave up an operatic career in 1933 to devote all her time to wrestling. She trained at Bert Kahan's Gym in Dallas, Tex. Her first and only public appearance was against "Brother" Smith in the Dallas Athletic Club. She won a popular decision in six rounds of real slugging. You are wrong in assuming Pvt. Taylor was engaged in a bout with the New England champion. She was attending a class in Judo for Wacs, conducted by Sgt. Katz, and after the class they put on an informal sparring match [*see photo above*]. In answer to your last question, Pvt. Taylor hopes to compete in one of Mitchel's monthly boxing shows against a male opponent if and when Sgt. Katz considers her ready.

Sergeant: No—General: Yes

Dear YANK:

In reference to an article in your YANK magazine [in a November issue], I wish to state that I have been insulted by the article on "Square-Cut Diamond," written by Allen Churchill Y3c, and I have written to my lawyer in Toledo, Ohio, to take action on the article. 1) I am not an old bastard. 2) I am not 200 years old. 3) My tongue does not hang out and I did not hike 50 miles to get back to my outfit. 4) And those chickens I had was named "Bud." 5) I had orders to report to the 1st Marine Division on Guadalcanal, which was on the same place and I did leave with a part of the 1st Marine Division. 6) Who gave your outfit permission to use my name? 7) Also I am figuring on a nuisance charge against you. I served in the last war and am trying to do my bit in this one, and I do not like the way your outfit is trying to do.

Parris Island, S. C. —**Master Gunnery Sgt. LOU DIAMOND**

Dear YANK:

The article on Lou Diamond was splendid and everyone in our office enjoyed reading it. It was called to the commandant's attention. We thought it an especial tribute, on our anniversary, to have a meeting of the services in your article: a Marine subject in an Army publication, written by a Navy man. Let those who are captious on the cooperation of the services be silent.

Hq. USMC, Washington, D. C. —**Brig. Gen. ROBERT L. DENIG, Director, Division of Public Relations**

Discussion Groups

Dear YANK:

Mail Call has reflected a demand by soldiers for discussion groups, and I would like to be considered as one more guy calling for this feature as part of our Army training. How about a study of orientation as it is done in the Russian, English and Chinese Armies, which I understand are more advanced in this respect than we are?

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla. —**Pvt. BERNARD KRANSDORF**

DEAR YANK:

As there have been letters in *Mail Call* from soldiers who wanted to organize discussion groups, I thought you might be interested in what is happening here. We have one hour a week for orientation and we've taken up such topics as the Quebec Conference, Moscow Conference, Italy, China, analysis of military news, making use of Army Orientation maps. Other batteries are having classes along these lines led by a soldier assigned by Special Service.

Camp Pendleton, Va. —**Pfc. GEORGE BLYN**

Negro Soldiers

Dear YANK:

I would like to comment on the story [in an August issue of YANK] called "Negro Fighters First Battle," about our first aerial battle with the Nazis. The colored engineers are doing a good job in helping to win the war, too. I know because I'm in an engineering outfit myself.

New Caledonia —**Pvt. MILTON HALL**

Dear YANK:

We would like to get your ideas on the race problem after the war. The Negroes will think they are equal to the whites because they have fought in this war, and some white people will feel the same way about it. It is our opinion that they should not be given equality, but should be rewarded, perhaps, with some portion of some country for their own use, where they will be governed by white people, in order that they will be taken care of and still have a chance to make a good living. —**Sgt. NOLAN and Cpl. HITNER**

Fort Ord, Calif.

■ YANK takes its views on the post-war "race" problem from the founders of the United States, who believed that *all* men were created equal. No man should talk about "giving" any American that which he already has by inalienable right. On Aug. 31, 1943, there were 74,013 Negroes serving in the Navy and 582,861 in the Army, of whom 153,900 were overseas. There is a Negro general in the U. S. Army. The Navy recently named an airfield after a Negro who gave his life for the service. YANK believes it is folly to propose that Negroes be governed by whites when Negroes in the Army and Navy are fighting for our country's rights, when Negroes in our state and national legislatures are helping make our country's laws and when there are Negroes in our courts interpreting our laws.

Rejection Slip Bounces

YANK

"By the men . . . for the men in the service"

We're sorry to be returning this to you, and thanks for offering it to YANK. We would use it if we could, but we receive so much more material than we have room for in our limited space, that we must return your contribution. But try us again if you want to, and you can be sure we appreciate your interest in YANK, which is your paper as well as ours.

Dear YANK:

I'm sorry to be returning this to you, and thanks for offering it to me. I would keep it if I could, but I receive so many more rejection slips than I can keep in my limited barracks bag that I must return your contribution. You may try me again if you want to, and you can be sure I appreciate your interest in this member of the Signal Corps, which is your Signal Corps as well as mine.

Drew Field, Fla. —**Cpl. J. K. CLARK**

MESSAGE CENTER

B. Sgt. HARVEY BARRETT, once in 1st T Sq., Patterson Field, Ohio: write Lt. J. L. Hill, Hq. North Atlantic Wing, ATC, Presque Isle, Maine. . . . Pvt. DONALD J. BARTELL, once at MacDill Field, Fla.: see *Message 5.*‡ . . . Cpl. GERARD BAUER, once at Panama Canal Zone: write Pfc. Stephen F. McSwiney, Btry. A, 286 CA Br. (Ry), Fort John Custis, Cape Charles, Va. . . . Pvt. JOSEPH BURT, once at APO 914, San Francisco: write Cpl. Joe Kennedy, Btry. B, 246 CA (HD) Fort Story, Va.

C. FRANK CARIELLO of Coney Island, N. Y.; see *Message 4.*†† . . . Pvt. CLYDE CLAIBORNE, once at MacDill Field, Fla.: see *Message 5.*‡ . . . M/Sgt. EDDIE COX, Nashville, Tenn.: write Sgt. Edwin J. Yowell, 91 Base Hq. & AB Sq., Roswell, AAF, N. Mex.

E. Sgt. MAXWELL ESTES, once at Pine Camp, N. Y.: see *Message 3.*† . . . Lt. MILDRED EUBANKS, ANC: write Cpl. Robert L. House, 1st Hq. Sp. Tr., Second Army, Fort Bragg, N. C.

F. DAVID LARRY FOX, once at MacDill Field, Fla.: see *Message 5.*‡ . . . BOB FRUCHTER in Ireland: write Lt. Myron E. Berrick, 2395 Francisco St., San Francisco, Calif.

J. Pfc. MARGRET HATCH JACOBS, once at Daytona Beach: write Sgt. Helen Jacobs, Air WAC Det., AAF, TAC, Orlando, Fla. . . . Cpl. JAMES B. JOHNSON, once at Pine Camp, N. Y.: see *Message 3.*†

L. Sgt. VINCENT LAMANNA, once at Lawson Gen. Hosp., Atlanta, Ga.: write Sgt. Dorothy Szabo, WAC Det., AAF, Spence AAF, Moultrie, Ga. . . . MORRIS LANDAU, USN, of Coney Island, N. Y.: see *Message 4.*†† . . . Pvt. LESTER LOWRY, once at Pine Camp, N. Y.: see *Message 3.*†

S. Pvt. FRED SARGIS: see *Message 2.*** . . . Lt. MORT J. SMITH, once at Fort Benning, Ga.: write Pvt. Eugene Savitt, 3301st SU, ASTU, Box 1086, Blacksburg, Va. . . . Pfc. JOSEPH SOGGESE of New York, N. Y., once at Dale Mabry AB, Tallahassee, Fla.: write Pfc. Eugene S. Katz, 1594th Ord. S & M Co., Avn., 309th Serv. Gp., GSS & C, Greenville, S. C. . . . ISAAC (IKE) SOLOMON of Coney Island, N. Y., once at Fort Riley, Kans.: see *Message 4.*†† . . . Cpl. B. J. STOVEALL, once in Co. D, 28th QM Regt.: write M/Sgt. Howard Stewart, Hq. Det., 65th QM Bn., Camp Ellis, Ill. . . . Sgt. WALTER STUPNICKY, once at Camp Beale, Calif.: write Cpl. Peter Palisenk, 393d Serv. Sq., 21st Serv. Gp., AAB, Rapid City, S. D.

T. JAMES HOWARD THORNE of Texas, once at Stockton Field, Calif.: write Pfc. Shirley M. Simms, AAF Det., WAC Det., Marana Army Pilot Sch. (Basic), Tucson, Ariz. . . . Pvt. RAYFIELD THRITCH: write Sgt. William Riley, Co. 3158 QM Serv. I Ave. Cantonment, Seattle, Wash. . . . Anyone who knew Pvt. VICTOR TRILLI, once at APO 302, New York: write Cpl. G. L. Trilli, Med. Det., Camp Ritchie, Md. . . . Pfc. CLIFFORD TROTTER, once at Kingman AB, Ariz.: write Cpl. Norman G. Levi, 25th Tech. Sch. Gp., Sioux Falls, S. D. . . . Lt. HOWARD SCOTT TWICHELL, once at Spence Field, Ga.: write Cpl. Jan Tomas, 35th Flt. A, FAAF, Seymour, Ind.

W. GEORGE WAHL of The Bronx, New York: write Pvt. Fred J. Kaiser, Post Med. Det., Plattsburg Barracks, N. Y. . . . Pvt. GERALD WARE, once at Toccoa, Ga.: write Cpl. Gene D. Corbisley, Btry. B, 34th CA, Sep. Bn., Camp Pendleton, Va. . . . Pvt. CHARLES WECKBACK, Pine Camp, N. Y.: see *Message 3.*† . . . Cpl. CHARLES WRIGHT of Shelby, N. C.: see *Message 1.**

Z. Pvt. LOUIS ZOGBY: see *Message 2.*** . . . S/Sgt. BERNARD ZUCKMAN of Coney Island, N. Y., once at Sebring, Fla.: see *Message 4.*††

* *Message 1:* write Cpl. Calvin Wiggins Jr., Hq. Btry., 215th FA Bn., AAB, Alliance, Nebr.

** *Message 2:* write Pfc. Fred Nicholas, 957th Sig. SRI Co., Camp Pinedale, Calif.

† *Message 3:* write Pfc. Al Belfiore, Co. C, 47th Armd. Inf. Bn., Pine Camp, N. Y.

†† *Message 4:* write Pvt. Harold Rothbaum, Co. B, 3887 Serv. Unit, STAR, Camp Maxey, Tex.

‡ *Message 5:* write Pvt. Paul Ballus, 16th AS Com. Sq., Alamo Field, San Antonio, Tex.

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Echerd **Byrd** **Carson**

In New Guinea, T-5 Ray J. Echerd Jr. of Asheville, N. C., asks Chaplain C. W. Long, Camp Livingston, La.: "How about sending me a batch of TS slips? They sure come in handy here for trading with the natives." . . . Sgt. John Byrd in the S. Pacific wants to get in touch with his friends who left his outfit to join the Coast Artillery and QMC. Write him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea*. . . . In Iran, T/Sgt. Kit Carson of Wheeling, W. Va., tells Jack Conners S1c: "At least on the ocean you get a cool breeze now and then."

Clack **Murray** **Hale**

Sgt. George V. Clack of Reno, Nev., is anxious to hear from his brother, Lt. J. A. Clack, somewhere in the S. Pacific. Sgt. Clack's address: APO 627, New York. . . . Cpl. Merlin Murray of Memphis, Tenn., wants his old friends in the 132d Inf. to write him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea*. . . . In New Guinea, T-5 John W. Hale of Thomaston, Ala., tells Cpl. Charlie McGowin at Camp Crowder, Mo.: "These tropics are as hot as hell. If it's still as cold in Missouri as it was when I left, I'd gladly freeze to death just to get back."

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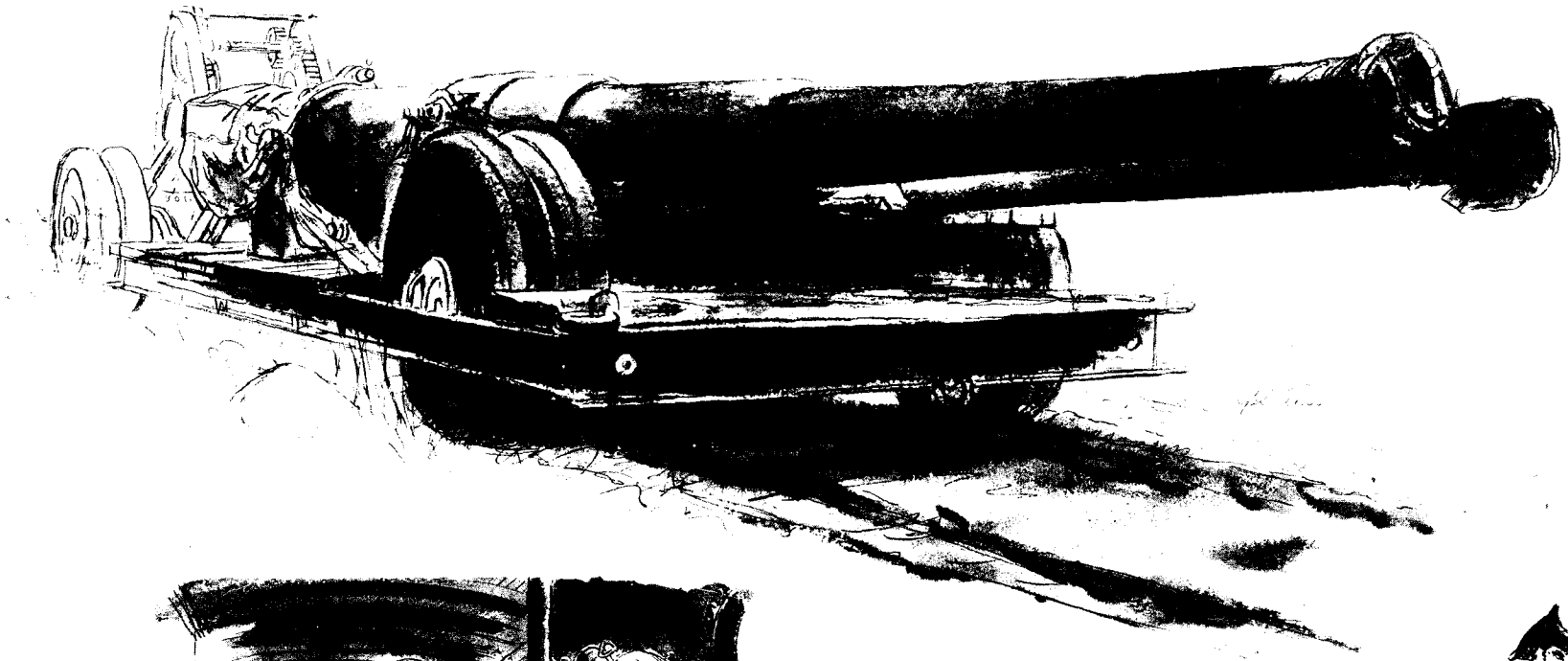
Coast Artillery Posts in Maine

The sign on this dock gate at Fort Levett says "Thru this gate pass the best damn soldiers in the Army." The men stationed in these Coast Artillery posts near Portland on the Casco Bay islands have a tough assignment. They are constantly alerted, guarding gun positions where water is often scarce and passes to nearby Portland are even scarcer. In winter, the temperature in this area hovers around 20 below.

Cpl. Jack Ruge, YANK Staff artist, visits the forts in Casco Bay where GIs are facing another tough and lonely New England winter.



Early morning scene on one of the small government steamers in Casco Bay.

Mike, a thoroughbred boxer, is official mascot of the 8th Coast Artillery. He visits the islands' posts often.

In Fort Preble's PX, a GI sailor from a Coast Artillery mine planter talks it over with a friend, whose gun belt means he is restricted to the post on the alert.

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Deanna Durbin

Evening Report

STAGE. Deanna Durbin is being sought for the proposed revival of the musical comedy, "Irene." . . . Gilbert and Sullivan repertory is slated for the Nixon Theater, Pittsburgh, during New Year's week. . . . "To the Ladies" is the next production on the schedule of the St. Louis Little Theater. . . . New York's Center of Music and Drama (formerly Mecca Temple) opens its season Dec. 13 with Gertrude Lawrence in "Susan and God" at $1.65 top. "The Patriots" follows the week of Dec. 20. . . . The Orpheum Theater, Reading, Pa., has discontinued stock. . . . The Memphis Little Theater is presenting "Skylark" at the Playhouse. . . . Ernest Truex is in the cast of "Marianna," which opens in Boston on Dec. 27; his wife, Sylvia Field, may have a part, too.

RADIO. Dick Todd, baritone, has joined the permanent ranks of the "Basin Street" show. . . . Freddy Martin's orchestra moved over to the Jack Carson program; Mary Lee, singer-comedienne, is also in the cast. . . . Joan Davis had her salary almost tripled in her new deal with Sealtest. . . . A new whodunit, "Inspector Hawkes and Son," bowed in recently on the Pacific Coast. . . . Fred Allen takes off with Texaco with his first four airings from Hollywood this month. . . . "Sunday Serenade," 12:30-1 P.M. on the Blue Network, which features letters from overseas GIs and the tunes of Sammy Kaye, is looking for more letters to read. . . . Constance Moore has the regular singing assignment on Lockheed-Vega's "Ceiling Unlimited." . . . Ed Gardner brings his "Duffy's Tavern" show back to New York next month for an indefinite stay.

SCREEN. Marjorie Reynolds and John Hubbard have been cast for "Up in Mabel's Room," a modern film version of the old Broadway stage hit. . . . Pete Smith will do a comedy narration for the Danny Kaye Technicolor film, "Up in Arms." . . . Marjorie Weaver and Johnny (Scat) Davis have gone into the cast of "You Can't Ration Love," collegiate musical. . . . Joan Fontaine is vacationing after spending five months at work on "Frenchman's Creek." . . . Nancy Kelly appears in "Women in Bondage," which features Gail Patrick, Gertrude Michael and Anne Nagel. . . . Lionel Barrymore has the role of a clergyman in "Since You Went Away," which stars Claudette Colbert and Joseph Cotten. . . . Sophie Tucker will do two of her famous old vaudeville songs in "Sensations of 1944." . . . Simone Simon has the starring role in "Mademoiselle Fifi."

A SOLDIER who signed himself Cpl. Winston Young, Fort Benning, Ga., wanted to know how come Ann Miller had never decorated the pin-up page over at the left. Investigating Miss Miller, we discovered there were several good reasons for her being on that page, two of which look unusually well in black silk. Incidentally, they get a very good workout in dancer Ann's latest movie for Columbia, "Hey Rookie."

CURRENT EVENTS QUIZ

By Sgt. IRVING L. FIELD, *Camp Skokie, Ill.*

Each correct answer counts five points. A score of 60 is passing; 70, fair; 80, good; 90 or more, damned good.

1. The U. S. Eighth Air Force is stationed in
a) Australia *c)* India
b) Hawaii *d)* Britain.

2. The Boeing P-38 is known as
a) Avenger *c)* Lightning
b) Marauder *d)* Hellcat.

3. He organized the Commandos and is now chief of operations in the Asiatic Theater.
a) Wavell *c)* Harris
b) Tedder *d)* Mountbatten.

4. The President of the U.S.S.R. is
a) Kalinin *c)* Stalin
b) Molotov *d)* Maisky.

5. The capital of Iceland is
a) Trondheim *c)* Namsos
b) Bergen *d)* Reykjavik.

6. Harold Stark is a high-ranking officer in the
a) Army Ground Forces *c)* Coast Guard
b) Army Air Forces *d)* Navy.

7. Prague is a city in Nazi-occupied
a) Czechoslovakia *c)* Estonia
b) Denmark *d)* Belgium.

8. With which one of the following countries do you associate Queen Wilhelmina?
a) Finland *c)* Latvia
b) Norway *d)* Holland.

9. The present chief of the Germany Navy is
a) Erich Raeder *c)* Von Kleist
b) Kurt Zeitzler *d)* Karl Doenitz.

10. Three of the following men are British generals. The fourth is an admiral in the Royal Navy. Name him.
a) Sir Henry Wilson *c)* Sir Kenneth Anderson
b) Sir Andrew Cunningham *d)* Sir Harold Alexander.

11. Which one of the following men do you associate with the U. S. State Department?
a) Paul V. McNutt *c)* Francis Biddle
b) Cordell Hull *d)* Harold Ickes.

12. Nehru is a well-known political figure in
a) Persia *c)* Turkey
b) India *d)* Iraq.

13. One of the following countries does not border on Russian territory.
a) Rumania *c)* Turkey
b) Yugoslavia *d)* Lithuania.

14. Fulgencio Batista is President of
a) Chile *c)* Brazil
b) Cuba *d)* Mexico.

15. Which of the following U. S.-held islands lies closest to the mainland of Japan?
a) Attu *c)* Fiji
b) Guadalcanal *d)* New Hebrides.

16. Name Britain's Minister of Information.
a) A. V. Alexander *c)* Sir Stafford Cripps
b) Lloyd George *d)* Brenden Bracken.

17. Robert P. Patterson is
a) Under Secretary of State *c)* Secretary of Commerce
b) Under Secretary of War *d)* Secretary of Agriculture.

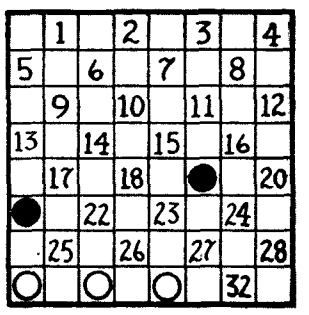
18. Portugal borders only one country. Name it.
a) Spain *c)* Sweden
b) Greece *d)* Switzerland.

19. The Truk Islands are occupied by
a) United States *c)* Japan
b) China *d)* Britain.

20. Which one of the following planes is largest in size?
a) B-17 *c)* B-24
b) B-19 *d)* B-25.

(Answers on Page 22)

CHECKER STRATEGY



THIS week's checker strategy is no orthodox cross-board brain foozler. It's just a polite set-up that's good for a bet—say, a small beer.

You bet the other guy that he, taking the Black side of this position and moving first, won't crown the checker on 19. No gags, either.

The problem seems such a cinch that he'll probably take you up on your bet right away. The funny part is that he'll lose, unless he read this before you did. And funnier still, after he loses you can set 'em up all over again and, in all fairness, offer to take the other side of the same bet. He'll lose again!

Sounds screwy? Well, you'll find the answer on page 22.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

FULL NAME AND RANK ORDER NO.

OLD MILITARY ADDRESS

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS

Allow 21 days for change of address to become effective

Little Big Shot

TRY this age puzzle. No slide rule is needed.

Said Thucydides, the Quiz Kid, to his pop: "Even though you're four times as old as I am, I'll be eligible to vote two years before you're eligible to collect Social Security."

How old is Thucydides? *(Solution on Page 22)*

"Are you an American? Tell us about Frank Sinatra."

—Sgt. Edward G. Urban

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POST EXCHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip, that will inspire a more creative mood.

The Picture

He had the bunk next to me.

As we unpacked he said softly: "I have not looked at my honey, my baby, my darling, today." And he fished in his barracks bag till he came up with a red leather folder. He opened it and held it out.

It was a picture of a plain-faced girl, not very young, a little thin, and her breasts did not bulge against her sweater. She was wearing horn-rimmed glasses. It was a hand-colored photograph and a horrible job. In the dim barracks light it was pretty awful.

He asked: "How do you think she looks?"

"A pretty kid," I said politely.

"You're a liar," he said happily. "She's homely as hell."

"She isn't really bad looking."

He said: "Don't start that. She's homely and you know it and I know it."

"Yes, I know it. She is homely."

He laughed. "That's better."

"What's better?"

"It's always better to be honest, and all that." He very carefully put the picture away. He seemed cheerful.

He said: "I have a lot of fun with the boys. Show them the picture and they're scared to say she's homely."

"I'm glad you have fun."

"I do have fun. She's homely and I don't care. She *is* homely. And she's a hell of a good kid. I like her, I love her. Oh, God, do I love her! I'm going to marry this kid."

"That's interesting," I said, sorry I ever talked to him.

He said: "Interesting for me but not for you. I'm the one going to marry her."

"That's right," I told him.

"Sure it's right."

He went on with his unpacking, whistling happily. I guess he was having a good time.

After a while I said: "Go —— in your barracks bag, also in your hat and up a rope!"

I walked out. It was raining lightly.

AAB, Salt Lake City, Utah —Pfc. LEN ZINBERG

AS HOLLYWOOD WOULD 'TYPE' ME

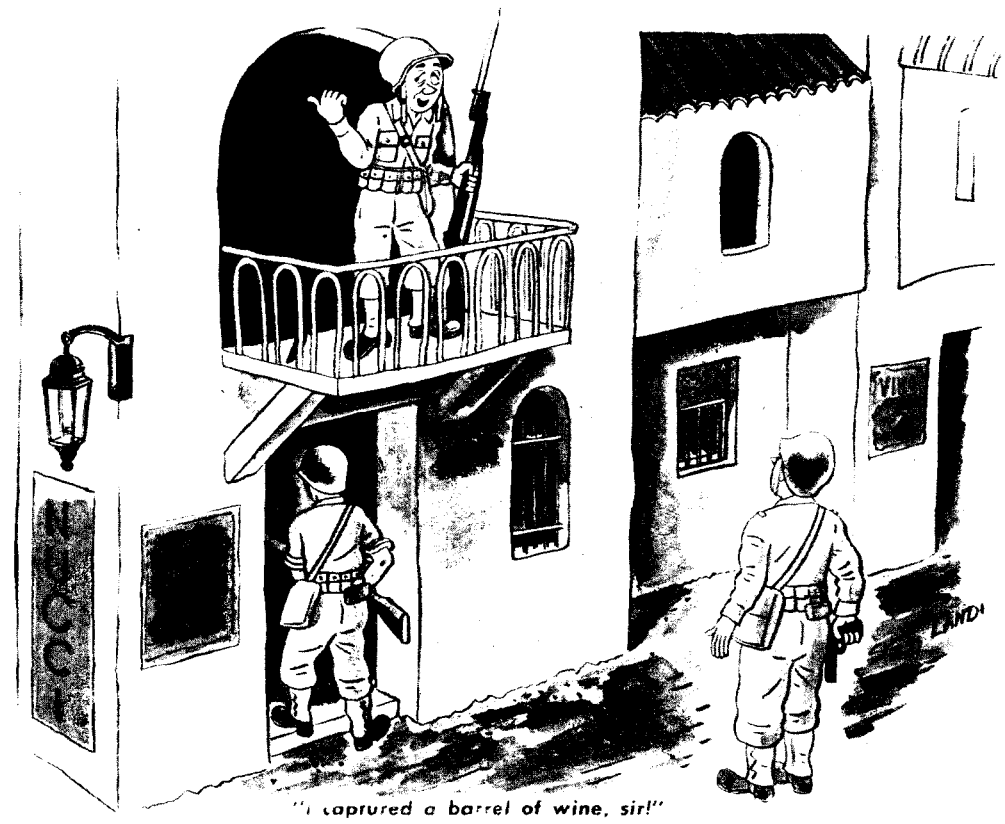
I'm a cussin', swearin',
Rip and tearin',
Mean and vicious hound,
Just a two-fist slammin',
Bangin', damnin',
Filthy bag of sound;
I'm a bottle-clinker,
All-day drinker,
Soaked in gin and rum;
I'm a hot and boilin',
Dame-despoilin',
Lewd and lecherous bum;
I'm a low IQer,
A smutty sewer,
The Army's Si Legree;
I'm a rortin,' snortin',
Hell-cavortin',
Dem and deezer,
Guzzling geezer,
Soldier-hatin',
GI satan,
Son of a b - - - - —that's me!
Special Order No. 261 just made me a sergeant.

AAB, Charleston, S. C. —Sgt. CARL FENICHEL

FIELD SOLDIER

In results that they yield
We can make this comparison:
A bird in the field
Is worth two in the garrison.

Camp Shelby, Miss. S/Sgt. A. L. CROUCH



"I captured a barrel of wine, sir!"
—S/Sgt. Sidney Landi, Antiaircraft Command, Richmond, Va.

Meat and Vegetable Hash

It was a Tuesday evening in mid-November that I was sitting in Steve's Diner admiring the steak dinners advertised on an old 1942 menu and picking over the bones of a chicken that seemed to have set somewhere too long. Steve's is a place I patronize when the chow in the mess hall is not particularly tempting, so I am somewhat of a regular customer.

While I was thus occupied a character from my outfit by the name of Australia came to my table and sat himself down. I might add in passing that Australia had his pots on and, in fact, had been that way for some time.

For a minute he didn't say anything but just looked at the menu and sighed. Then he remarked: "Dolls are no good."

He stared at the menu a while longer and sighed some more.

"Dolls are no good," he said, and was about to repeat himself when I interrupted him.

"Australia," I said, "it must be a long story, but shorten it somewhat and tell me about it."

I know it makes a guy feel better to unload his troubles to someone else.

So Australia began:

"It all started when we were in battle training at Fort Knox. We are ready to come back from the area and I have about 10 cans of C rations left and all are stamped 'Meat and Vegetable Hash.' Although I detest these rations I don't want to throw them away, so I ask if anyone in the crowd wants them. A fellow by the name of Doll-Dater Maier pops out and says he will take them off my hands. And he does.

"The following Sunday we get passes and plenty of free time so a bunch of us start a crap game. While I am trying to make an '8' this Maier nudges his way in and asks if we will allow five cans of meat and vegetable hash for a quarter so he can have a starter.

"Of course no one will listen to such an absurd proposal so Maier leaves, taking the cans with him.

"I lose about a buck and then leave for Louisville, where I have a date with my girl there. She is something very special. I want you to know."

Here Australia paused for a second, sighed loudly but recovered in time to continue with his tale.

"I do not waste any time eating supper because this doll is a very good cook and she has promised me a special meal when I next see her.

"I come up to her apartment and there she is, very sweet and affectionate, though somewhat excited, as naturally she would be because we have not seen each other for some time.

"I am squinting at a magazine while she is in the kitchen getting me something to eat when I notice a considerable number of cigarette butts, half with lipstick, half without.

"I start to consider how strange this is when my girl comes in with a plate and utensils and all the accessories including a drink, and I think my how nice she is.

"But after I take one bite of what is on that plate I upset the tray and leave, hoping never to see that witch again."

"Why?" I asked Australia. "Can't she cook?"

"Even with melted cheese on it," he replied, "I can tell GI meat and vegetable hash when I taste it."

Fort Knox, Ky. —Pvt. LLOYD CLARK

"Just call me Harry."
Pfc. John Stygo, Sheppard Field, Tex.

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CURRENT EVENTS QUIZ. 1—Britain. 2 Lightning. 3—Mountbatten. 4—Kalinin. 5—Reykjavik. 6—Navy. 7—Czechoslovakia. 8—Holland. 9—Doenitz. 10—Cunningham. 11—Hull. 12—India. 13—Yugoslavia. 14—Cuba. 15—Attu. 16—Brenden Bracken. 17—Under Secretary of War. 18—Spain. 19—Japan. 20—B-19.

CHECKER STRATEGY. Naturally Black heads right for the king row via 19 to 24. He's got a clear path. But White moves 29 to 25. Then Black continues 24 to 28. . . . Now White slips 30 to 26. Black jumps 21 to 30. . . . White moves 31 to 27; Black king jumps 30 to 23 to 32. The game is over and Black has failed to crown the checker that was on square 19. You win.

But when you take the other side of this problem, just remember to pitch 21 to 25 first, then move 19 to 24. Now there's no way to keep that checker out of the king row. You win again.

LITTLE BIG SHOT. Thucydides is 14, his father 56.

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SPORTS: SOME LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS ABOUT A WELL-KNOWN GAME

By Pvt. JOE HASEL

IN 1921, Defiance College of Ohio lost five straight games without scoring a point. Then it won its next game 118 to 0.

The 1912 game between Penn State and Michigan was won *after* the final gun had been fired. With the score 21 to 20 in favor of Michigan, Marshall of Penn State caught a punt just as the signaling gun went off. He ran 60 yards for a touchdown. Penn State kicked the extra point and won 27 to 21. (The touchdown counted since no game is over until the play reaches a conclusion.)

In 1930, Al Lefebrire of Nevada made Knute Rockne's All-American football team but failed to win his college letter. He lacked two minutes of playing time to earn that award.

Buffalo (N. Y.) Technical High School failed to score a single point of any kind over a period of three years, 1926-'27-'28.

In 1901, Michigan piled up 550 points without being scored upon, and from 1901 to 1904 its great back, Willie Heston, scored more than a hundred touchdowns.

In 1927, McCoy of Haven High School in Kansas personally accounted for 90 points in a game against Sylvia High.

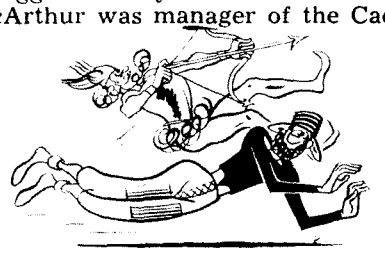
With an enrollment of only 29 boys, Wheeler High School in Oregon produced a football team in 1934 that scored eight straight victories, each time holding its opponents scoreless.

In the Alabama-Tennessee game of 1935, Paul Bryant played the full game with a broken leg, and in 1934 Adolph Cooper of City College played the whole season with a broken rib.

Frank Hinkey of Yale made the All American team four years in a row—1891-2-3-4.

Just about the greatest football feat of all time was turned in by Sewanee in 1899. With a 12-man squad, a coach, a manager and a barrel of spring water, they traveled more than 3,000 miles to play five games in six days and won them all, scoring 113 points to none for their opponents. On Nov. 8 they played Texas and won, 12 to 0. The next day they played Texas A & M and won, 32 to 0. They shut out Tulane, 23 to 0, on Nov. 10 and didn't play on Nov. 11 because it was a Sunday. On Nov. 12 they trounced Louisiana State, 34 to 0, and the following day defeated Mississippi, 12 to 0. They played seven other games and won them all. Quite a record for a college with an enrollment of fewer than 100. It was Sewanee's second undefeated, untied season in a row.

In 1903, Army plastered Navy, 40 to 5, for its biggest victory over the Middies. Douglas MacArthur was manager of the Cadet team.

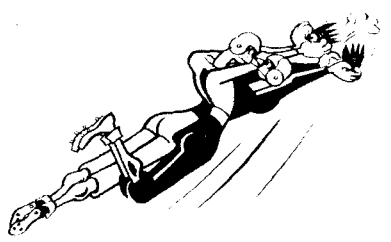


Henry II, King of England, outlawed football because it interfered with the popularity of archery. The ban stayed in effect for more than 400 years until the invention of gunpowder displaced archery.

The greatest fraud ever worked in football was pulled by Gross, Iowa quarterback, during a game with Northwestern. Gross screamed that Northwestern should be penalized 15 yards and then picked up the ball and started to pace off the distance. Finding himself in the clear, Gross ran 70 yards before the safety man got him from behind.

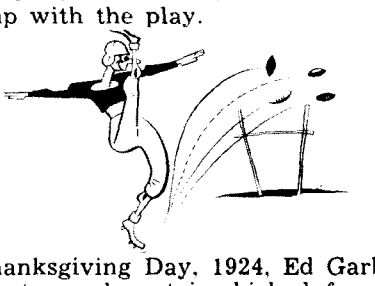
Jimmy Leech of Virginia Military Institute scored 26 touchdowns in 1920.

If a pass is caught at the same time by two players from the offensive team, it is incomplete. If a pass is caught by a player from the attacking team and at the same time by a player from the defending team, it is ruled a completed pass for the attacking team.



Clipping is legal three yards on either side of the line of scrimmage.

In the Washington-Oregon game of 1929, Bobby Robinson of Oregon intercepted a pass on his five-yard line and was well on his way to a touchdown when a substitute, Westerwellen, jumped off the Washington bench and tackled him. Washington conceded the touchdown before the referee caught up with the play.



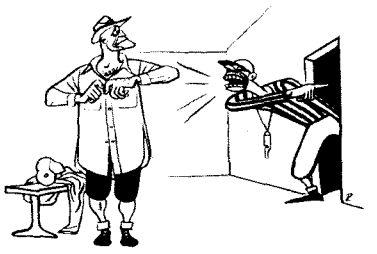
On Thanksgiving Day, 1924, Ed Garbisch, Army center and captain, kicked four field goals to beat Navy, 12 to 0.

In 1923, Staunton (Ill.) High School defeated Gillespie High, 232 to 0, just about the biggest score ever rolled up on a high-school gridiron.

In 1904, Minnesota scored 775 points. In 1907, George Capron of the Gophers racked p 44 points, all by drop kicks.

South High of Minneapolis won the City Championship in 1911 without scoring a single touchdown. Its captain, Artie Low, accounted for all of the team's points, except one, by kicks.

In 1902, Stanford protested the amateur standing of California's star halfback, Locomotive Smith. Smith was withdrawn and his substitute ran 105 yards to a touchdown to lead California to a crushing defeat over the Indians.



The queerest quirk of this season happened at Columbus, Ohio, when Ohio State defeated Illinois 12 minutes after the game had ended and most of the 36,000 fans had started for home. With two seconds left in a 26-26 game, Ohio State threw an incomplete pass into the end zone as the gun sounded the end of the game. But Illinois was off side and it took the officials 12 minutes to get the teams back from the dressing room to run the last play over again. This time freshman John Stungis of Ohio State kicked a field goal from the 23-yard line and the Buckeyes won, 29-26.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

THERE'S a strong possibility that the Germans have already executed **Primo Carnera**, the former world's heavyweight champion, for his anti-Fascist activity in Northern Italy. According to reports from Berne, Switzerland, Carnera was facing trial as a traitor and was liable to execution after being wounded and taken prisoner during a skirmish between the Italian anti-Fascist Partisans and a German patrol. Carnera, who was not in the Italian Army because of flat feet, joined the Partisans soon after Italy broke with the Axis. . . . The Merchant Marine crossed up the whole National Professional Football League by putting **Ensign Sid Luckman** on detached service until the end of the season. . . . That AEF boxing tournament in Algiers, designed to produce the Gene Tunney of this war, won't include one of the Army's best young heavyweights. The fellow we have in mind is **Cpl. Al Hoosman**, a Negro MP from Los Angeles, who looked like money in the bank winning the Australian heavyweight title.

Inducted: **Walker Cooper**, captain and catcher of St. Louis Cardinals, into Army; **Merrill May**, Phillies' third baseman, into Navy; **Tommy Bridges**, Detroit pitcher, into Army; **Sherry Robertson**, Washington third baseman, into Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Billy Jurges**, Giants' shortstop, because of an old ankle injury; **Ron Northey**, Phillies' outfielder, because of an injury of the left ear. . . . *Called for examination:* **Tony Galento**, onetime heavyweight contender and Jersey barkeep. . . . *For re-examination:* **Johnny Vander Meer**, Cincinnati left-hander, originally classified 4-F because of colitis condition. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Lonnie Frey**, Cincinnati second baseman; **Fritzie Zivic**, former world's welter champion. . . . *Commissioned:* **Ben Hogan**, leading pro golf money winner, as second lieutenant in AAF. . . . *Promoted:* **Cpl. Ray Robinson**, lightweight champion, to sergeant; **Capt. Hank Gowdy**, first major leaguer to enlist in First World War, to major. . . . *Decorated:* **Sgt. Barney Ross**, Marine hero of Guadalcanal, with Silver Star and Presidential Citation.

A/C Dick Wakefield, the Tigers' slugging rookie, who's taking Navy pre-flight training at Ohio Wesleyan College, has been turned down as a pilot because of his height (he's a 6-footer) and will become either a bombardier or navigator. . . . **Sgt. Petey Sarron**, the old featherweight champion, is now a boxing instructor at Maxwell Field, Ala. . . . **Maxie Rosenbloom** is back from a tour of the South Pacific with this little story: "In the Fijis, when it got to raining too hard and dampening my gags, I would challenge anyone in the crowd to come up and box. It worked fine until a big sailor really gave me a work-out. You know who he turned out to be? **Tom Heeney**, who once fought Tunney."

Golf champ Patty Berg (left) is still walking off with honors. Here she has some costume jewelry (bars to you, Joe) pinned on by Pfc. Rose Veterito after completing Marine OCS at Camp Lejeune, N. C.

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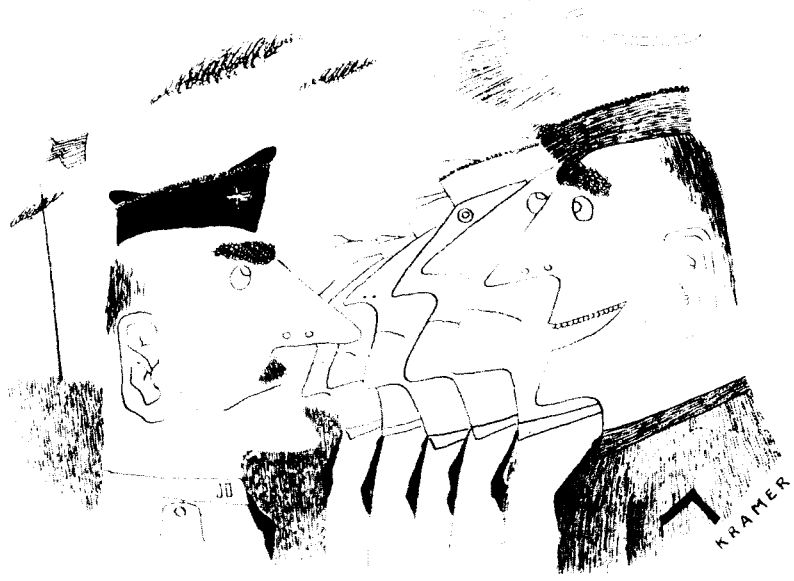
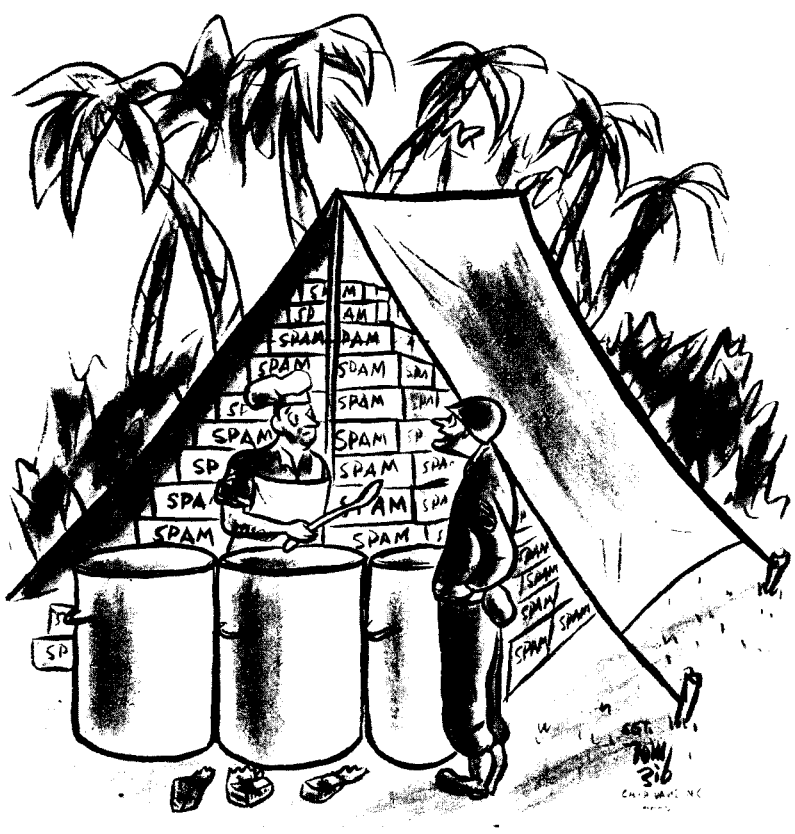


"THEY'RE ISSUING THEM, SIR, INSTEAD OF GOOD CONDUCT RIBBONS."

—Pfc Joe Kramer



"WHAT'RE WE HAVING FOR CHOW TONIGHT?"

—Sgt. Tom Zibelli

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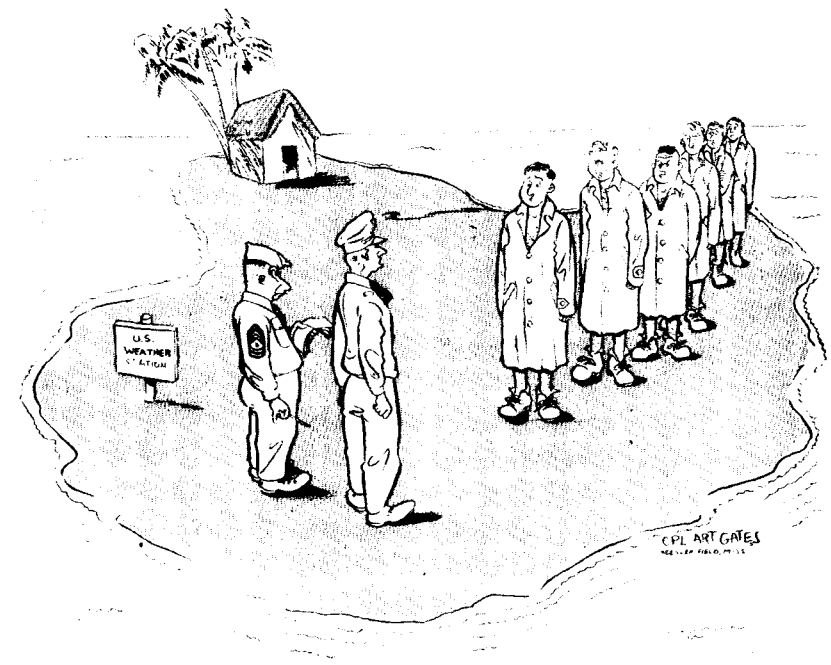
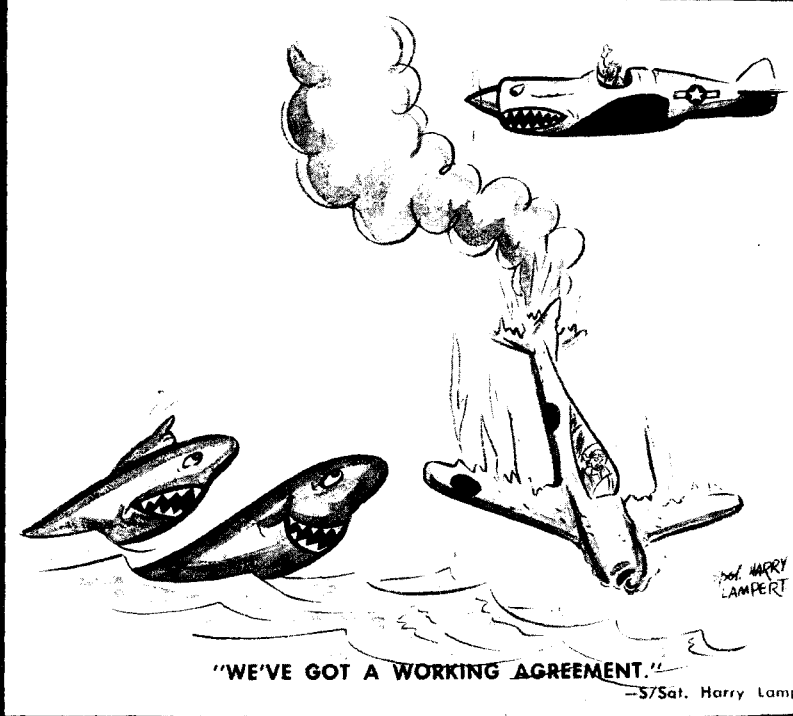
"ALL RIGHT, WHO CINCHED THE DAMN COFFEE?"

Sgt. Irwin Caplan



"YOU UNDERSTAND, OF COURSE, THIS INSPECTION IS PURELY ROUTINE."

—Cpl. Art Gates



"WE'VE GOT A WORKING AGREEMENT."

—S/Sgt. Harry Lampert

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